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Things in General.

THE editor of Our Note Book in the *Illustrated London News* began his much admired column of last week with:

When a public man disappears, you recall the place where you last saw him, and the impression which he made upon your mind. I remember Lord Beaconsfield, at the height of his authority, entering the city in a triumphal procession. I stood in the front line of the crowd, and when his carriage appeared I was thrust forward with such force that my head nearly bounced through the window. Lord Beaconsfield showed no emotion at this intrusion. His profile remained impassive; but the eye which looked out of it was so strange and uncanny that I recoiled upon the enthusiasts who were pressing behind me. There was no speculation in that eye; you might have stared at it for a year without discovering any expression whatever. I thought of one of the most famous Divan sayings: youth is a folly, manhood a blunder, old age a regret. Here was old age, honored, powerful, full of gratified ambition; but there was no regret in its aspect. Nothing so human! The mind behind that terrible eye might have been incapable of a single thought that is common to mortality.

A week before his assassination I saw President Carnot at Longchamps. I was in the crowd of the Grand Prix. An English horse pre-empted to compete with the French horse, and the assemblage wore an air of ruffled patriotism. Unaccustomed to racing, I could not make out which horse had won, and addressed an enquiry to a neighbor. "C'est le Français qui gagne!" he responded through his teeth, and I understood from his emphasis that Agincourt and Waterloo were avenged at last. Suddenly, in the President's tribune, I saw a dark face, stamped with the responsibility of the State. It was responsibility without authority, personal dignity without initiative, all the attributes with which the French invest the head of the Republic, who is not permitted to govern though he is a target for discontent. I gathered that racing did not amuse M. Carnot, even when the French horse beat the English horse and obliterated Crecy. Did anything amuse that melancholy man? What a life upon a slippery pinnacle without pastimes!

Oddly enough, the last time I saw President Carnot was at Longchamps. It also "was the afternoon of the Grand Prix." Moreover, a French horse won the race. It is now eleven years since the race meet of which I speak, and I paid twenty francs to be in the box next to President Carnot. Stuart was the horse, and though his name was English and he had an English trainer, he was French by birth. The crowd went mad with enthusiasm, and I lunged to the edge of the President's box while Frenchmen of all sorts climbed over me that they might see the victor and join in the vociferous applause. Thus I had an opportunity to study the dark face of which the editor of the Note Book speaks. No enthusiasm and no share of the general delight found a reflex there. Yet, as I said at the time when I first mentioned this incident, it was the beginning of President Carnot's popularity. France had won, and the ruler of victorious France was given an ovation. The populace unbent his horses and hauled his carriage through the Bois de Boulogne. When he was shot, that cold, dark face rose up, and memory seldom restores features with such distinctness as I saw them again. But I do not go the length of believing in the editor of the Note Book's theory that golf would have cured him of the unhappy sense of isolation to which the success of his career brought him.

THE *London Critic*, speaking of English applause over the Anglo-American alliance, says that without doubt it "has led others to believe Mr. Carnegie to misread our policy as one of eternal enmity." And again, "It was in peculiarly evil taste for Washington 'official circles' to suggest that Sir Wilfrid Laurier's course was dictated by purely electoral considerations—especially in view of recent American developments—when his conduct was obviously on the only possible line consistent with dignity. I hope matters may yet be fixed up happily, but if that is to be, our Imperial statesmen must cease to grovel before the Eagle. The Canadians know the nature of the bird better than that."

No better expression of British appreciation is to be found than this, though, unlike the Opposition newspapers of Canada, all the British journals seem to take the view that no possible effort was spared to bring about a treaty, and that the failure was a tribute to the patience and patriotism of the Commissioners who presented the Canadian and British case.

Illustrative of the prominence that Canada is receiving in the British press, it may be mentioned that the *Critic* devotes a page to an appeal that Britishers should spend their holidays in the colonies instead of amongst people who are continually intriguing against British interests. The writer says: "Canada is the most convenient amongst our colonies, therefore I ask, 'Why not Canada for the holidays?'" The plea that is made is an excellent one and suggests that profit as well as pleasure is almost certain to result from an inspection of our resources.

CREMATION is not a subject to rouse any popular enthusiasm, inasmuch as the majority of people refuse even to buy a burial lot until it is their solemn duty to bury someone belonging to them, and foresight in matters of interment is generally esteemed to be the attribute of a crank. Nevertheless, cremation is the proper way of disposing of the forsaken garment of the soul. One cannot go to a funeral and see a body placed in a slushy grave and contemplate decomposition and the inroads of worms and that sort of thing without a feeling of disgust. To have at once the tenement of clay transformed into a handful of ashes so cleanly and so devoid of objectionable features, that anyone who is accustomed to take a bath or have the wastepaper basket emptied into the furnace every morning would naturally prefer it.

What appeals more to me than any other feature of cremation, however, is the idea that it would do away with much of the paganism of the modern funeral. We will suppose that a man who is reasonably popular passes away. Instead of the old system, a little committee of his friends prepare themselves to convey his remains to the crematory, asking in the death notice that no flowers be sent. The coffin which is to be used will be simple; in fact, the undertaker could provide a coffin which would be returnable, for there is no sensible excuse for expensive caskets being provided to rot in the earth or be burned while relatives may starve while they pay the bill. The costly monuments and untruthful or hypocritical epitaphs would be done away with. The unhealthful—both morally and physically—visits to the tomb would be abolished. The whole idea of death and burial, it seems to me, would be that the soul, which is the only part of the individual worth regarding, having fled, the body has been disposed of so as to be an inconvenience to no one. The paganish performance over dead bodies is one of the adjuncts and object lessons of materialism which should be abolished. The live body without the soul, as in the case of the idiot or the lunatic, is an encumbrance which sentiment forces us to take care of. The body of the dead lacks everything except the form to which we are accustomed. Nothing in the Christian religion or the ethics of civilization should lead us to make any effort towards its preservation. When the Egyptians thought so much of preserving the body that they embalmed the dead, they thought that they were accomplishing a certain victory over the destroyer. If those same Egyptians were alive to-day and saw the mummies in side shows and museums, they would think that their art was a failure and their theory an absurdly false one.

This is the century and the air of to-day is the atmosphere of the living, not of the dead. My plea for years has been for a simplification of our lives, and I know no shorter cut to the end desired than by simplifying our exits. It is so evidently improper to wear crape and symbols of mourning for the dead, that we all wonder naturally enough why those who have gone into a world which is pictured as ineffably superior to this should leave on earth their relatives clad in crape and cut off from ordinary amusements. It should be a period of rejoicing,

according to the Christian religion, and certainly should not be one of sorrow when we regard those who are still feebly working out their little plan of life in a world where there is little enough happiness at the best.

With the improved methods of incineration which are every year developing, a crematory in Toronto should find sufficient people to support it. The Cemetery Trust is a commercial enterprise to a greater or less extent, and as there are many advocates of having fresh land set apart for burial grounds, the discussion of a crematory should not be tabooed either in its sanitary, moral or religious aspects.

CONSPICUOUS amongst the booms and attempted booms which prosperity has brought to us is the effort of Conservative politicians to "reorganize" Ontario. Oddly enough, at present no amount of political fluster will make any impression for more than a day anywhere in Canada, though the opening of Parliament at Ottawa may make a change. Leaders may get their followers together and do a large amount of talking. Huge schemes may be suggested and a little money put up to start them, but in twenty-four hours they are lost sight of by everybody except those who are handling the shekels. To use a vulgar phrase, nobody is standing for politics now; there are too many other things out of which profit can

In Ontario Sir Charles has followed his general policy of doing away with conventions and taking all the authority into his own hands. All those members, ex-members and defeated candidates and other prominent people who were to be convened in Toronto to express an opinion, will feel rather sore when they find out that they are not to be bidden and the feast is not to be held. "Uncle Charlie" is to administer the whole business and everything is to be done by the permission of His Gracious Majesty. The reorganization, so I am told, has been nearly completed. The ex-organizer, Robert Birmingham, is to be secretary. A treasurer "in whom everyone will have confidence" is to be appointed. Mr. A. W. Wright is to be organizer, so it is said, in the west and Mr. Fee in the center, and someone else in the east. A private and confidential archangel is to be appointed by His Majesty Uncle Charlie, to keep tabs on these minions, and rumor says that someone has already been chosen. The advisory committee which met last week is virtually dissolved, and in the parodied words of the old song, "Who will be king but Charlie?" The appointment of Mr. Samuel Barker as chief rustler is by far the best move in the game.

Mr. Birmingham's position is made exceedingly difficult, inasmuch as he is made secretary without any hand in the cash, indicating that as "a man in whom everyone has confidence" is to be appointed, he has been reduced to the position of

for at the present moment in Toronto few coachmen are expected to do work, the hackman demands relief from toil, and everyone else heretofore devoted to Sunday labor feels that he or she has a right to the more liberal use of the holiday than ever before. Fewer people are working on Sunday than before we had the privilege of riding on Sunday cars. Personally many of those who were the strongest advocates of Sunday cars have used them but little, while many of the opponents of the measure are to be found pushing their ticket into the slot, apparently unconscious of the fact that they are doing the thing that they once denounced.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER'S reply to the Dominion Alliance, as a friend of mine observed to me after reading it, was "in the tone of an Englishman." He not only told them that their fad had not been proven sufficiently popular to put into law, but he incidentally remarked that there was no further argument to be heard on the question. We all like this decisiveness, no matter whether or not a controversy has been proved ineffectual and the object of it unobtainable. We not only desire the momentary conclusion of the dispute, but feel anxious that it shall not be reopened. When a thing of this sort is concluded let it be concluded; it is good sense and it is good politics. If a matter is to drop out of sight let the politicians simply say that they desire to hear no more of it and it is practically at an end.

The subject is of course not lost sight of in politics, for in the Maritime Provinces the people are theoretically opposed to drink-shops, while they support them quite as liberally as saloons are supported elsewhere. The Maritime Provinces are marvelously fond of legislation to prevent the things which daily they do as regularly as other people. It seems to add vigor to the appetite for drink, to enact laws that people shall not drink. The great appetizer seems to be in the nature of legislative denying themselves the things of which they regularly partake. When they prove to us that they mean something except adding an edge to their thirst, we may be inclined to believe in their sincerity.

As Sir Wilfrid Laurier has declared, let us understand that the controversy over the matter is ended and each community will proceed to deal with the drink traffic as it sees fit. Every year the regulations will become more stern, and by degrees the people will learn that to be known as a boozier is unprofitable and that the practice is unsanitary. This is the way to cure it; legislation will have but little effect in rushing a reformation which is gradually taking place.

THE report of one morning paper states that nine persons were present at the third meeting of the Authors' Society.

It would appear, however, that some eleven people foregathered on the occasion of adopting a report involving the interests of a very large community of people who may be known as literary workers. It is well that we should remember that this little coterie presume to be the literary nucleus of Canada. Some of the few who presume to speak for the literary guild could earn ten dollars a week at the job, but taken in the aggregate it is unlikely that the whole outfit could earn the salary of one popular editor of a newspaper who has never tried to publish a book and who would disdain to be either an active or associate member of such a one-horse communion.

To think of the presumption of such an outfit in designating who are really the Canadian literary people, is to fall down in horror at the prospect that a nine or eleven donkey horse-power engine is to screech and parade itself as a power in Canada. The men who have lent themselves to this fool movement seem unaware that they must become ridiculous and that their position will be so untenable and their attitude so preposterous that they will become laughing-stocks. The whole business is an absurdity. I for one can furnish them a personal guarantee that while I live they shall not ever be permitted to make a representation either to the Government or the Copyright Association, without the meaning of their organization and its strength being advertised beforehand. Nor am I the only one whose intention is thoroughly declared in this matter. They have only to make one pose as representing anybody, without finding how little they are and how meaningless their name and pretensions will be. Even their officers were elected before a general meeting was convened, and the whole business is a pocket edition of a scheming publisher who will not be permitted to let his schemes take the shape of a National Society.

FROM a recent publication of the figures regarding the exports and imports of the United States, it appears that in spite of the large advantage given to British exporters by our tariff, our Yankee neighbors have been able to sell us goods to a greater extent than ever before. What does this mean? If our tastes lead us to buy Yankee goods at greater expense, the British exporter must be perpetuating his ancient mistakes and clinging still to the view that what he manufactures is good enough for anybody, whether it suits the taste of the buyer or not. On the other hand, a much more intelligible suggestion is found in the fact that the manufacturers of the United States when they find their market overcrowded, sell goods at almost any price to Canadian importers. If, then, we are getting the advantage of both the duty that we collect upon these goods coming in and the cut in price the United States manufacturer makes to the Canadian importer, we have no reason to feel grieved so long as the local manufacturer is not injured. It appears, however, that the competition over the goods we import is largely between the British and the Yankee manufacturers, and therefore not injurious to the Canadian manufacturer. In cases where our own producers are really injured it would be well to increase the duty.

THE reason that as a rule men are not impertinent to one another nor lacking in civility to women, may be that the man who is pointedly impertinent to another may get his nose pulled or his ears slapped, and if he is lacking in courtesy to the fair sex he will be an object of contempt. Women, however, are often devoid of the slightest regard for the good will of other women and entirely unaware of the contempt they excite amongst men. The woman who will insist on wearing a great big hat in a theater, in nine cases out of ten will refuse to remove it when asked by those behind her who cannot see the stage on account of it. I have been located so close to women of this sort as to distinctly hear the petitions for the removal of the hat and the answers returned. In one case only did I ever see a woman remove her hat when requested to, but I have seen her masculine escort so put to shame by her conduct as to make it almost impossible for him to remain in the theater. Indeed, I have heard men beg their female companions to take off their hats, and be answered in words as wounding as a slap in the face. This phase of the character of certain women seems to be unaccountable, for as a rule the fair sex is anxious to please. However, if one is anxious to make notes of the same disagreeable and conspicuous selfishness, one has only to watch the conduct of women in a street car. While they will glare at a man if he does not offer them his seat, they are exceedingly slow to crowd along and make room for another woman who is standing. When you see impertinences of this sort you will almost invariably find that the impertinent female is well dressed and in these winter days is clad in a seal-skin saque. The working girl, the typewriter, and those who are dependent upon the good will of others, are quick to crowd together and offer the newcomer a seat. I often wish that these well clad but ill-mannered dames could be given forty-eight hours in a police station to remind them



JOHN KENSIT,
THE ANTI-RITUALIST AGITATOR.

From the *London Critic*.

be made. Good times are poor times for politics, and it may be laid down as a general rule that when the people are prosperous they think least about law and lawyers and government.

Sir Charles Tupper, who is beginning to be known amongst the "boys" as "Uncle Charlie," has worked Toronto with a vigor which is startling considering his years. Off and on before the now celebrated "Smoker" in the Third Ward, he came and went, expecting great agitation to follow his meteoric appearances. Caucuses were held, and after a couple of days of "solid political enjoyment" and an interchange of confidences, Uncle Charlie tore himself loose in the Pavilion, expecting the populace to be appalled at the wickedness, weakness, and even wantonness of the Government. He declared at the "Smoker" that the Government had stolen the clothes of their predecessors, and then with elaborate recklessness he hung the rest of his washing on the line to dry. If he missed any of his clothing in the first campaign his course seemed to be indicative of a desire that the Grits should steal also his underclothes, which were then in the wash. He made promises with regard to a policy to which he and his Ontario followers, amongst whom were Mr. Whitney and nearly all the Opposition members of the Legislature, were pledged by their presence, and it does not seem to me that Sir Charles has anything more to say. The Government in the meantime is conspicuous by its silence. No doubt they are experimenting in their private laboratory with "Uncle Charlie's" powder and find that its explosive force is slight.

Death has been so busy amongst the Commissioners that Providence again seems to have interfered to prevent Sir Wilfrid Laurier being troubled by any extraneous influences. Every industry is happily booming and people are paying little or no attention to politics. It is to be hoped that this lull in the tempest of our political disputes will not be mistaken by the Administration as a stilling of the storms by an Almighty hand for the purpose of one-horse performances or retrograde movements. The Wild West is looking for trouble.

a man in whom nobody, or at least but few have confidence. So much for his financial status. Inasmuch as organizers have been appointed to do the work which he formerly did, it is evident that King, Charlie is not banking on him as an organizer. Even with these salutary restrictions, which must touch Mr. Birmingham very sharply, Hon. N. Clarke Wallace cannot be said to have been properly conciliated nor party harmony restored by any measure which leaves Messrs. Birmingham, Haggart and Montague still in the swim. True, nobody is paying any attention to these flamboyant speeches and autocratic reorganizations, excepting those who have been offended by the past misdeeds of the Oppositionists. So little is the thing talked of or thought of that it scarcely receives mention in the new papers; it is only worth while in a paragraph to look at it and ask if the "reorganization" in Ontario is not even more of a farce than it was in Quebec or New Brunswick.

ORGANIZED Sabbatarians are not discovering any new strength. Toronto's experience with Sunday cars has not added any testimony to the evils of cheap Sunday transportation. In fact, the use made of Sunday cars in Toronto has been in direct rebuttal of everything which was predicted by the Lord's Day Alliance. Old people, women and babies have occupied the seats to the extent, I should think, of seventy-five per cent. of the people carried. People who ride on Sunday cars are largely those who, if they could not ride, would not be able to walk, and as a rule on Sundays everybody takes some exercise either in walking, or riding, or driving, or bicycling. It is the old folks, the church-goers and the women with babies who mostly use the cars. The Legislature, it appears, are inclined to take this view of it and feel inclined to permit the trolley transportation systems to operate on the Lord's Day. The argument that it would increase the number of men who worked on that day has been thoroughly answered,

that they are not the only people on earth, and that the few cents they spend for a seat are not worth any more to the Railway Company, and should not be more influential with the public, than the hard-earned pennies of their sister women who have to labor for what little they get. Excluding, of course, tipsy people and toughs, I do not think there is the slightest doubt but that women are more impertinent in public places than are men. Is it possible that these same women are gentle, self-sacrificing wives and mothers? At home do they treat their husbands as they treat men and women in the theaters and street cars? If so, every man who has missed marrying one of them or being mothered by one of them should thank God.



BEING AN ORGANIZATION OF CERTAIN ACTIVE NEWSPAPER WRITERS OF TORONTO AND OTHER CITIES AND TOWNS FOR THE PURPOSE OF HOLDING WEEKLY MEETINGS IN THIS COLUMN TO SETTLE BY CUMULATIVE DISCUSSION SEVERAL OUT-STANDING AND VEXED QUESTIONS.

Why Do the Boys Leave the Farm?

The press partly responsible—
A. M. F.
Colquhoun.

At the risk of forfeiting my membership in this club I propose to state the exact truth: that the press has much to do with inducing lads to leave the farm. The papers throw an absurd glamor over city life. The excitements, the amusements, the honors and the pecuniary rewards which youth most keenly desires are supposed to be easily obtainable here. The calm superiority of the press and the people in large cities imposes on our country friends. They think we are what we seem to be. They do not know—who tells them?—that for every opening there are a thousand clamoring; that the man who wears an (apparently) gold chain has often to borrow his car-fare home; that scarcely anyone is honest about umbrellas; that the names most frequently printed in the papers are the least acceptable at the bank, and that the pushful individual who judiciously combines the virtues of Emperor William, Mr. Pecksniff, Machiavelli and Boss Tweed has a long start in the race. Of course if it is notoriety a man wants, either as doctor or debtor, clergyman or criminal, the city is the place for him. A very ordinary individual in the country, with intelligence barely sufficient to water the cows, may, in town, bloom into a political leader or attain the dizzy heights of the school board. In the rural parts some merit as a basis is indispensable, but here we are a pure democracy. If the city press reflected conditions as they are the migration of population would be less pronounced. But is it wholly injurious? Surely the marked advances in agriculture during the past twenty-five years must be due in some measure to the mad rush of dunderheads to the towns. They might have stayed on the farms and ruined agriculture. As long as young men are determined to learn from personal experience that there is nothing in the philosophy of life better than the moderate independence and the healthy existence of the country, they must be left to go their own way. If a youth had the requisite brains and energy he would live in the country and succeed; but if, like myself, he is born and educated in the city and possesses an equally feeble understanding he will naturally stay where his environment is congenial.

It is the old man's fault—
Hugh Clark.

The farmer is to blame. He routs the boy out of bed at 5 a.m. and sends him out to do the chores by lantern light. He makes him chop the day's wood while resting at the noon hour. He makes him work in the field until it is too dark to see, and again the chores have to be done by the flickering light of a lantern. The cows take advantage of the darkness to tread on his foot and the horses switch their tails in his face. He gets in at nine or ten o'clock and goes to bed in bad humor. No time for rest, or recreation or amusement. Is it any wonder that the boy leaves the farm and thanks the Lord that it cannot follow him? All his training impresses him with the seriousness of his occupation; he thinks farming cannot be made to pay if divorced from drudgery and slavery. What little literature he reads convinces him that all the country's taxes are dumped upon the down-trodden farmer; he learns to almost respect the cartoonist who portrays him as a hoary, hunchbacked hayseed carrying a huge bundle of taxation on his back, or squirming and wriggling under the iron heel of the commercial and professional classes. To keep clear of the debt and mortgage which always seems to stalk about the farm, he is satisfied to see the best products of the farm sold and the worst eaten at home. He thinks it necessary that the barn should be furnished better than the house and that he should strive to feed his horses and cattle well while he eats any old thing that does not command a fair price at the market. This is by no means a true picture of every farm home, but it represents conditions that have driven thousands of country boys to the centers of population. The truth is that there is no more cheerful, happy and independent occupation than the farmer's, if he would but make it so. The man with a hundred acres clear, or only lightly encumbered, ought to be the most contented mortal in Canada. His boys will stay on the farm if he will but do something to make home life pleasant. Grow plenty of good garden truck and dish it up temptingly; give them fresh beef sometimes as a change from salt pork; let them put sugar in their tea if they want it; make them get up with the sun and no earlier; give them at least an hour's rest at noon and a chance to have the day's work done at sunset; make the evenings pleasant with music and dancing; keep the best periodicals on file; teach them to play whist and chess. Banish monotony and drudgery from the farm and the boys will stay with it long after the mortgage has been discharged.

They can't carry it—
Morden
Kingsmill.

Because they can't bring it to town with them. If every young seeker for fame and fortune could bundle up the ancestral acres with his other gray flannel shirt and paper collars, he would have a valuable asset on reaching the city—an asset that could be converted into cold cash even though a mortgage attachment existed. Thus there would be an immediate end to the cry that Ontario farm lands are hard to sell; money would be put into circulation, and the loan companies would be better able to pay the tax which Hardy, the arch oppressor, or high-minded statesman, has decided to place upon the shoulders of our already overburdened capitalistic citizens. More than this, the boys would be made the most important members of their families, which, every sane man allows, they should be now. The idea that the "old man" has any shadow of right to make the claim that he knows more than his sons would be smashed, destroyed, and utterly done away with as belonging to the same class as the astronomical theories of Rev. Mr. Jasper, or the economics of the Greenbackers. It would be left to the old man to thank Providence that he had been allowed to see the error of his ways and to contribute all his wealth to the son in the city, instead of being, as is sometimes the case at present, the niggard source of supplies for the coming Chief Justices or princes of commerce.

The boys know why—
John Lewis.

Boys leave the farm because they know more about the farm than the city fellows who advise them to stay there. The city man goes to the country on a fine day in summer when all nature is smiling, and he has also been smiling at various roadside taverns, and he imagines that country life consists in reclining on the new-mown hay, picking apples off the trees, searching for new-laid eggs, riding horses, and astonishing the country girls with a departmental suit of clothes marked down from \$15 to \$9.99. He forgets that if he were in the country as a regular resident he could not wear those clothes every day; he has a confused notion that it is always summer there; he does not

think of wet days in the fall when the wheels stick in the mud; he knows little of the pernicious practice of early rising which robs nature of all its charm. Similarly the country boy idealizes city life, represented as it is to him by the smart young man furnished with all the latest gags, or the thoughtful young man attending college. He has heard upon unimpeachable evidence that there are men in the city who earn as much as a thousand dollars a year, and he wonders on what delights and gorgeous possessions so much money can be spent. He does not think of house rent, taxes, gas, water, butchers' meat, butter, eggs, car fares, and various other things which make the city man a mere broker, a financial agent through whose hands money passes as it passes through the hands of a bank clerk. When ambition, the attractive power of great bodies of human beings, and the desire for novelty are abolished, in other words, when human nature is radically changed, the boys will cease to leave the farm; and the editorial pigeon-hole now devoted to this subject will be filled with descriptions of the millennium.

In the interest of statistics—
Franklin
Gadsby.

Privately my opinion is that boys leave the farm to become statisticians. It is better to figure as a humble unit in sociological computations than to spend a whole life mute and inglorious at Jenkins' Corners. Exasperated by early rising, salt pork, skimmed milk, wind-fallen fruit and the other disadvantages of the country which God made, Colin Clout comes to the city which man tries to make endurable for those who have the price. The poor bucolic lout takes his place in the ranks of the unemployed, his only entertainment the streets, his only food the appetizing smells from restaurant doorways, his only drink—well, as much drink as he wants, perhaps, for there are always politicians to look after the thirsty voter—and so Colin, poor misguided moth, flutters round the consuming flame of a great city, and becomes a problem over which humanitarians sigh and from which statisticians make interesting deductions. Take it as you will, the country boy is bound to become a statistician. If he fails he is put in one list; if he succeeds he is put in another. Every once in a while some donkey starts braying in the newspapers that all the responsible positions are filled by country boys and begins to enumerate all the prominent citizens who once had hayseed in their hair. General y he proves his point to his own satisfaction and gives the statistical compiler more food for thought. I think, therefore, that boys leave the farm in a commendable longing for fame of some kind or other, not to mention that the city, once conquered, is more pleasurable than the country. Moreover, just think of the absurdly matutinal habits of the industrious farmer, chasing the plow-tail before the leas of sleep are well out of his eyes. Most of the boys I know—they are all city fellows, to be sure—prefer being up on a lark to getting up with it.

There is every reason for it—
Mack.

Everything works together to draw boys away from agriculture. The farmhouse is built seventy rods from the road and the same distance from the line fence in order to make him lonesome. His father, instead of carrying his own load of business worry, makes the boy carry it, too. His mother will not let him buy a ten cent cow's-breakfast straw-hat for himself, but must go along to try it on him. The books in the house are biographies of men who, beginning as mere farm-boys, went to cities and became rich. In school he is told that if he neglects his lessons he will have to go back to the farm and can hope for nothing better, while if he is diligent he may aspire to being a school-teacher or an insurance agent. The rural school is the recruiting office of the city. Its text books, its transient teacher, its exams, that rush boys up to the Entrance so that the teacher of S.S. No. 5 may make a better showing than the teacher of No. 6—these all work to one end. The farm-boy is natural, unspoiled and impressionable, and he hears farmers always complaining, and city people always boasting; the farmer looks like famine and talks as dismally, while the city man looks like plenty and talks the part well. The boy does not know that both are humbugs, and that Dismal Dave could buy out Boastful Bob a dozen times over. And so the boy comes up to the city and within a year he (in many cases) is going to the dogs and calls on me to give him a ticket for a ten cent meal at the Victor Mission. But if he can do it he buys a suit of clothes on the instalment plan, a stand-up collar and a walking-stick, and goes home at Christmas to a-tonish the natives.

Because they are repressed—
John A. Ewan.

I asked the Khan once why the boys left the farm and he answered, "Because there's more fun in town." The Khan himself frequently leaves the farm, but he always returns. That may be because farm life and country scenes can never lose for his glowing imagination their inspiring savor. But all country boys have not this touch of fancy in the soul, and to them a still morning when the whole universe seems listening for some divine voice to break the silence is simply a bore. Any sense of the sombre beauty of our quiet countryside is destroyed by the sordid way in which on so many farms it is thought necessary to live. We can all appreciate the fact that money is not too plentiful there, but some of it would be well spent in making the farmhouse a little more attractive than it is. I spent two days in a farmhouse some summers ago. There were half a dozen children, ranging from manhood downwards. All had attended school and could read, write and figure tolerably well. Yet into that house, from year's end to year's end, never a scrap of printed matter comes, unless by accident. Never a book, never a paper, and when one considers what a load of good reading could be obtained at an expenditure of five or ten dollars a year, it is amazing that the opportunities are neglected. The invasion of reading matter would only be another incentive to leave the farm, you say. I do not think so. What causes distaste for the farm is that everybody is worked to death in summer and bored to death in winter. That bookless and paperless house during the long winter evenings must be a Dantean horror. What must first be got rid of is the puritan idea that pervades the pioneers, that joy is of the devil and must be repressed wherever it is seen. We want fathers that share the boy's delight in the pages of Henty or any other clean and entertaining thumaturgist. The boy would go pulling peas next morning convinced that his scythe was a sword and each particular pea-vine a gallant foe.

"Then life would be filled with music,
And the cures that infest the day," etc.

Social and Personal.

MRS. HARRY FLEMING of Rusholm road is home again after a visit of some length in Ottawa, where her parents reside. Miss Violet Langmuir is visiting her sister, Mrs. Porter, in Buffalo. Miss Daisy Boulton is on a visit with Mrs. Willie Hope (nee Jarvis) in Montreal. Miss Georgie Dennistoun of Peterboro' is visiting Miss Theodora Kirkpatrick at Coalmine, Dundas street. Miss Cochran, who has been visiting Miss Macdougall of Carlton Lodge, left on Tuesday. Mrs. Harris of Ottawa, always such a charming and popular visitor, is in town looking after her chiffons, preparatory to a trip to Australia with her husband. Mr. and Miss Edith Harmer of Parkdale left on Thursday for England. In a recent issue of the New York Home Journal was an amusing little episode of her Toronto residence by Edith Harman Brown, which is reproduced on another page of this paper. A young Canadian who is coming into notice in high latitudes is Arthur J. Stringer, whose three poems in this month's Harper's are "of a high order of merit," says Earle Hooker Eaton in an article on Literary New York. Mr. Eaton wrongly gives Montreal as the native place of Mr. Stringer, who will be remembered as a University man some years ago. As a matter of fact, Mr. Stringer is a Chathamite, his parents having been in their early married life residents of that city. Mr. Stringer has had the advantages of Oxford training and was ardently admiring of the City of Colleges. His admirers say that Artie is the handsomest of the Canadian writers of verse, that he is "a hard worker as well as a sweet singer, and that Carman and Roberts will do well to devote themselves assiduously to their lyres. If they intend to continue leading the procession of Canadian songsters." Chatham has sent two handsome literary men to New York, Mr. E. W. Sandys of *Outing* being a distinguished and athletic-looking



man, as well as a thorough sportsman; he is a son of the late Archdeacon Sandys of Chatham.

On Thursday, March 9, Mrs. Frank D. Benjamin gave a very smart and pleasant tea at her residence in Jarvis street. The hostess, who combines much grace and charm of manner with very pretty and refined features, received at the door of the west drawing-room of a suite of three. She wore a gown of delicate gray with turquoise blue trimmings. Mr. Benjamin, one of the most energetic and popular young officers of the Queen's Own Rifles, was at hand to second Mrs. Benjamin's cordial welcome, and in the tea-room Mrs. Alfred Benjamin, who is a sister of the hostess, with her three pretty little children, looked after the guests, though the number of men present left her but little to do in that line. Most solicitous of all the beaux was Mrs. Alfred's wee son, whose great dark eyes shot inviting glances up at many a smart dame as he stood with bon-bon tray or cake-basket for her refreshment. D'Aleandro's men played softly in the corridor, the beautiful rooms were exquisitely decorated with flowers, and the buffet was a masterpiece—all violets, tulips and calla lilies with smilax wreathed and tied with ribbons, forming a canopy overhead, and fans of daffodils upon the damask. Mrs. Delamere, Mrs. Percy Galt, Mrs. Stanton, Mrs. Gunther, Mr. and Mrs. Laidlaw, Mr. and the Misses Sloane, Captain Gunther, Captain Crooks, Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Samuel, Mr. and Mrs. Youngheart and Mr. Solomon were a few of the many guests who attended this pleasant affair.

On last Saturday afternoon Miss Howland of St. George street gave a pleasant tea. The floral decorations were in accord with the bright spring-like day, being sunny double daffodils in great profusion. Miss Howland wore a pretty pink blouse and skirt of black satin, and was assisted in welcoming the company by her brother, Mr. George Howland. Her sister, Mrs. Willie Vickers, and Mrs. Vickers, Mrs. and Miss Gillespie and Mrs. Peleg Howland were busily employed in the tea-room. Sir William and Lady Howland, Miss Bessie Bethune, Mrs. and Miss Macdougall of Carlton Lodge, Dr. Mrs., and Miss Temple, Mr. and Mrs. W. Goulding, Mr. and Mrs. W. Mulock, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. James Bain, Mrs. Vaux Chadwick, Dr. and Mrs. A. Huyck Garratt, Miss McDonnell, Mrs. J. K. Macdonald of Cona Lodge, Mr. and Miss Macdonald and others were at Miss Howland's tea.

Mr. and Mrs. George Plunkett Magann, Miss Cattanaach and Mrs. Alfred Denison left on Wednesday to spend a week in Ottawa.

The object of the Portrait Loan Exhibition, which is the post-Easter event combining with the Horse Show to distract attention from these raw March winds, has been for some time forming in the minds of its busiest promoters. A Woman's Building, if you please, messieurs, is the ambition of any number of bright, progressive and thoughtful women here to-day. The application of the Local Council of Women for quarters in the new City Hall is an off-shoot of this ambition. The Woman's Building would contain a central hall, concert and assembly-rooms, studios and an art gallery, private committee-rooms and all that sort of thing. The studios would be tenanted within twenty-four hours of their completion—so say those who know; the art gallery would be an education and an incentive to further culture. The whole thing would be a credit to the progress of Toronto. If the women of Toronto really set their minds to work on it they will get it, I have no doubt, and by the look of things they are making a grand start. Never have so many women in all cliques and sets been so interested in any public enterprise. Contributions have simply piled in upon the collectors, bright suggestions and crazy dreams have jostled each other in the ears of the bewildered committee, and the various conveners have had "moments when they wished to be alone," as the old song says. The rivalry between the "evenings" has roused the ambition of each to excel the others, and this timely touch will make for the success of the whole affair. It is perhaps a big undertaking, but the end is so grand and inspiring that it justifies the means, no matter if several wrinkles and gray hairs are incidental. Everyone should send their best help to the ladies who are willing to do so much for the advancement of education, culture and refinement.

The Horse Show is the great spring dress parade, a sort of accumulation of Easter grandeur, when the weather is more amenable and mild than it often is at the Feast day. This year the Show will, I hear, be of great interest in various ways. A variation on the Musical Ride will put ladies in the place of the gallant Dragons, whose smart riding, however well done, has been a bit frequent and does not arouse as much interest as at first. The exhibition of motor carriages, while not at all in harmony with the Horse Show, will no doubt be a drawing card, and is admissible on account of its novelty and the interest it is sure to arouse. The number of really sporty and horse-loving persons in Toronto would not keep the Show on its legs, for 'tis a big and expensive undertaking. The great crowd asks some extraneous interest. That Lord and Lady Minto will be here for the opening is good news, and His Excellency will be rarely welcome, while his graceful consort will be the queen of the Show. Some other interesting persons are expected, and the committee have, I hear, a *bonne bouche* "on the side" for the close of the Show. They deserve every support and success, for their time is given most freely, where their money also goes, and the majority of them are busy men without the added burden of such a complicated and arduous enterprise.

Mr. and Mrs. Lud K. Cameron celebrated their china wedding last week and entertained about seventy-five of their friends on the occasion. Among those present was the editor of SATURDAY NIGHT, who was married about the same time, and who has distinct recollections of the dainty little woman with flaxen hair who has since become the mother of seven children—the eldest of whom is half a head taller than her mother, having all the good looks of her mother and the dignity and good humor of her father. Two other of the daughters, dressed in white, acted as flower girls and presented bouquets to each of the guests—the gentlemen with the sweet violets being sent in search of the lady with the same. Two sons also assisted in making everybody at home, and the verdict was that they quite succeeded. The china presents were very beautiful and numerous, being declared by many to be "the most beautiful collection of artistic china ever seen in a private house." That they may live to celebrate their "golden" is the wish of all their friends.

The attendance at the funeral of Mrs. John R. Barber at Georgetown on Saturday last was suggestive not only of recognition of her domestic virtues and the esteem in which she was held, but also of the very great popularity of Mr. Barber, who is known as one of the kindest gentlemen in the Dominion of Canada. He does business from coast to coast, and is one of the few men of whom his rivals say no evil, but of whom ten thousand friends speak in praise and admiration, for he seems to have the faculty of always saying and doing the right thing and permitting his customers to treat him well or ill according to the dictates of their own conscience. It speaks well for humanity to truthfully record the fact that he has too gentle a soul to be given the worst of it. About thirty-five or forty of his friends from Toronto in a special car attended his wife's funeral.

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Roses, Carnations and Spring Flowers

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Personal Notes from the Capital

EVERYBODY here—that is everybody who moves in the busy social and political worlds—is looking forward to the opening of Parliament which takes place on Thursday. This is, of course, partly owing to the fact that it already gives promise of unusual brilliancy. Such an important event, occurring so soon, too, under a new Vice-Regal regime, could not help being interesting. It is extremely doubtful, however, if the present occupants of Rideau Hall will appear in the same state of magnificence, with be-wigged footmen, outriders and the like, as did the Aberdeens when they were first here. Those cards which admit the favored ones to the floor of the House were sent out this week by the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, which ornamental functionary is at this particular time much in evidence. The regulations issued by the A.D.C.-in-waiting are practically the same as last year, viz.: Feathers and veils being optional and court trains not expected. Many expected that the Countess of Minto, fresh from the Court of St. James, might expect these extremely awkward accessories to a Court toilette, but it seems that it is ordained otherwise. Already many fair visitors from all parts of the Dominion are the guests at hospitable mansions for the opening and drawing room. Sir James Edgar arrived in town on Saturday after a beneficial rest from the tedious life which is of necessity a Speaker's, but Lady Edgar and her two popular daughters are not expected till the middle of the week.

Mrs. Thomas Hodgins of Toronto and her charming daughter, Miss Gussie Hodgins, arrived in town on Tuesday and are stopping at the Russell for a couple of weeks. Miss Thistle is in Montreal paying a short visit to Dr. and Mrs. Shirres.

The Rideau Club entertained at dinner on Thursday evening His Excellency the Governor-General. His Excellency, who on his entry was greeted with the National Anthem, was accompanied by Major Drummond, Mr. Lascelles and Mr. Graham. The table, in the form of an anchor, was laid in the handsome dining-room of the Club. The table, tastefully decorated with roses and carnations, was a veritable *coup d'oeil*. The speeches were of a very high order.

Mrs. Edward Moore sailed on Tuesday for England from New York. She intends to spend the next few months abroad. Mr. and Mrs. McLeod Stewart and Miss Stewart were other Ottawans who sailed the same day for the Old Country. Mr. Stewart goes with the intention of organizing a syndicate in connection with the Georgian Bay Canal scheme.

Mrs. Edward Scott and her daughter, who have spent the winter at the Arlington in Toronto, are expected in the Capital this week for a lengthy stay.

A very pretty though quiet wedding was that of Saturday, when Miss Amy Stuart, daughter of the late Colonel Stuart, was married to Mr. Francis Bacon, son of Lt.-Col. Bacon. The ceremony, which was witnessed by only the relatives of the families, was performed in St. Alban's church, Ven. Archdeacon Bogert officiating. The bride wore an exceedingly smart gown of white satin with trimmings of rich lace and chiffon. The bride had for her bridesmaids her two sisters, Mr. McInnes of the Geological Survey was best man. After a *recherche* wedding breakfast Mr. and Mrs. Bacon left for their far away home in Golden, B.C.

Lady Davies and her niece, Miss Ursula Davies, arrived home this week from a short visit to Lady Edgar in Toronto.

The Earl and Countess of Minto gave a small skating party on Friday evening, which, although it was impromptu, proved most delightful.

Mrs. Kitson of Kingston, wife of Lt.-Col. Kitson, Commandant of the R.M.C., arrived in town on Thursday, and is the guest of Major-General and Mrs. Hutton at Earncliffe.

On Thursday and Friday evenings General and Mrs. Hutton gave two very successful dinner parties in honor of Lord William Seymour, commander of the forces in Canada, who, with his A.D.C., Captain Ferguson, is a guest at Government House. Those invited on the former occasion included, in addition to the guest of honor, Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, Sir Richard Cartwright, Hon. Mr. Tarte, Colonel Foster, Miss Foster, Mrs. Kitson, Mrs. Cartwright, Mrs.

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TORONTO.

Drummond and her pretty English visitor, Miss Adam, Colonel and Mrs. Aylmer, Colonel and Mrs. Hodgins, Captain Bell, A.D.C., and Captain Ferguson, A.D.C.

Expected in town this week among others are: Sir Hibbert and Lady Tupper, Miss Tupper, Hon. Mr. Prior and Mrs. Prior, Mrs. Robinson of Newcastle, N.B., and her pretty daughter, Senator and Miss Sanford of Hamilton, and numerous others whose space precludes from mentioning.

Miss Errol Nordheimer of Glenora is a charming Toronto girl in town at present. She is the guest of Mrs. Henry Egan, who was the hostess at a small five o'clock tea in her honor on Tuesday afternoon.

The State dinner on Thursday evening is to be followed by a State reception, between the hours of nine and eleven, for which invitations have been issued.

Mr. John Francis Waters goes up to Toronto this week for the purpose of giving the final lecture in the annual Lenten series at Trinity College. During his stay Mr. Waters will be the guest of the Provost, Rev. Edward Welch.

His Excellency the Governor-General and the Countess of Minto entertained at dinner on Monday evening in honor of Lord William Seymour. The following were among those who had the honor of being invited: Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, Mr. Justice and Madame L'Archeveque, Major and Mrs. Gourdeau, Mr. and Mrs. Gobeil, Hon. Mr. Mills, Mrs. Mills, Colonel Foster, Miss Foster, Lieut. Col. and Mrs. Hodgins, Major and Mrs. Drummond, Mr. and Mrs. Dominick Brown, Dr. Dawson. The house party consisted of Lady Sybil Beaulieu, Miss Adam, Mr. Guise, Mr. Lascelles and Mr. Graham.

Colonel Foster was the host at a jolly little dinner on Saturday evening in honor of his niece, Miss Foster.

Miss Adam of London, Eng., who has been paying a lengthy visit to Lord and Lady William Seymour at Halifax, is at present paying a visit to Mrs. Drummond at Rideau Cottage.

Ottawa, March 14, '99.

Social and Personal.

The lecture which concludes the Trinity course takes place this afternoon and is on Chatterton; the fact that the lecturer is Dr. Watters of Ottawa, and also that he is the only visiting lecturer of the course, makes it of special interest.

The purchase of Lindenwood, the residence formerly owned by the late Mrs. Smart, by Mr. Massey, will change the associations so long hovering about the beautiful home. The former chateau was much loved by her friends, and her two young daughters, whose marriages took place last year, were recipients of many kind and sympathetic words and thoughts when they were left motherless. Now each is happily settled with a devoted husband, and has set up her Lares and Penates away from her girlhood home. Lindenwood will no doubt take on much brightness and verve in the new ownership which it performs wanted during the long absences of its gentle mistress in search of health and the subsequent period of retirement of her children since her decease. Mr. and Mrs. Howard Irish are to reside at 86 Glen road, Rosedale.

Miss Emily Benson of Port Hope is visiting Mrs. John Morrow at Charlott, where several old friends have been entertained. Mr. and Mrs. R. W. P. Matthews have taken a house on a long leave in London.

Mrs. Arthur W. Ross, whose health has not been robust for some time, has gone for treatment to Dr. Walker's private hospital.

A lady came into the dressing-room at a large tea recently when a wet evening had set in, and turned over a pile of rubbers and overshoes. "Looking for your goloshes?" asked a friend. "Well, I am and I am not, goodness! here they are," and she fished out a nice pair with her name inside the heels. "You seem surprised to find them." "So would you be if you'd not seen them for two weeks. I'd give a dollar to know who had them. Well, it's raining hard and she will get her feet wet," chuckled the fair creature, putting on her rubbers smartly. "I always hide mine in the water-jug," said her friend, fishing them from the ewer. "But," she added meditatively, "I'll have to find another place."

The inference was so unintentionally awful that they gazed blankly at each other for a moment and then went into peals of laughter.

The downtown Lenten services at noon continue to attract large crowds, and able speakers are taking the week's duty while St. James' still is without a rector.

Miss Mary Gray was welcomed back to Ottawa with pleasure by her many friends last week, while her departure from Toronto was as much regretted by friends here.

Miss Eva Marter of Gravenhurst, who has been visiting her uncle in Parkdale, Mr. G. F. Marter, M.P.P., returned home last week.

On next Friday evening Honorable Howard Martin, ex-member of the United States Legation in China, will deliver his famous lecture on the Chinese at Home. As everyone knows, the Chinese home life is unknown to the transient tourist, and only long residence, decided interest therein, and exceptional opportunities and privileges could qualify anyone to lecture on this mysterious subject. Mr. Martin has, during his sixteen years in Tea Land, observed, remarked, photographed, learned the inner life of the Chinaman, and by his eloquent periods and some fine line-light views has made up a lecture brimful of interest and charm. This lecture will be given in St. George's Hall and a fashionable audience is now assured by the subscribers' list. The lady patronesses are: Miss Mowat, who has promised to be present with a party of friends, Mrs. Sweatman, Lady Meredith, Lady Thomp-

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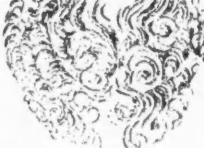
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son, Lady Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Delamere, Mrs. Cosby, Mrs. Bruce and some score of influential and cultured ladies as well known. Mr. Martin's lectures have this winter been quite the rage in New York, where he has a large circle of friends and admirers, and his Toronto visit has evoked much interest.

Mrs. Rolph of Rosedale is recovering from a severe illness and an operation recently performed.

Miss Madeline Gooderham will return from California April 1, and will be at Home to her friends the first two Mondays in April.

Ladies adept at silk embroidery know all about Heminway's silks. The manufacturers have a Canadian agency at 52 Bay street, where they are giving free lessons in silk work and have a complete range of all their silks on demand.

Mrs. Leckie and Master Jack Leckie of Earl street returned home last Saturday after a delightful visit with friends in Sarnia and Petrolia.

A most enjoyable impromptu musicale was given by Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Rainey of Euclid avenue on Friday night of last week, following the usual game of cards, and was contributed to by some of our best local talent. Miss Lena M. Hayes gave two violin selections in splendid style. Mrs. Alton Garratt and Mrs. Ward sang beautifully, while the hostess accompanied. Some of those present were: Dr. and Mrs. Gilmore, Mr. and Mrs. J. Russell Starr, Mr. and Mrs. Ward, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lugdin, Dr. and Mrs. Alton Garratt, Dr. and Mrs. Willmott, Miss Wadsworth, Mr. and Mrs. King, Miss King, Mr. and Mrs. Moon and Mr. and Mrs. Cuthbertson.

Mr. Whitney Mockridge's visit in Toronto was a great pleasure socially as well as artistically. With him came Mrs. Mockridge and a bright little daughter of six years, who can sing, though she has not achieved the culture of the elder sister of ten, the possessor of a fine contralto. On Sunday Mr. Whitney Mockridge sang at the church of the Christian Scientists, whose teachings, I am told, appeal to him successfully. On Sunday afternoon his old friends, Major and Mrs. Greville Harston, were happy to welcome him and

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six years, who can sing, though she has not achieved the culture of the elder sister of ten, the possessor of a fine contralto. On Sunday Mr. Whitney Mockridge sang at the church of the Christian Scientists, whose teachings, I am told, appeal to him successfully. On Sunday afternoon his old friends, Major and Mrs. Greville Harston, were happy to welcome him and

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Promise yourself on the threshold of a new year to give up the worry and hard work and uncertainty when you want a nice, rich, nutritious soup after this, in a hurry.

One of those convenient little Soup Squares of highest quality (Lazenby's) makes 1½ pints of fine soup, and without any effort on your part either.

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his wife and little girl for the tea hour, when a group of music-lovers enjoyed a couple of exquisite songs, and wee Miss Mockridge also contributed her little selections. Mr. and Mrs. Mockridge returned to Chicago this week.



THESE are many reasons why the worst of Mexicans turn Protestant. Sometimes it has to do with frioles and gorditas; sometimes it is because the tariff on peccadillos is too high, and because—in the words of the poet—the Protestant minister will "do those little things for you so singularly cheap." And, sometimes, it is any other reason why.

In the case of Lolita, it was love. Lolita was the washer-woman's daughter, and she carried home the clothes to the house where Clarke had come to board. It was supper time, and Clarke was at home. He came out into the patio on the way to the dining-room, and saw Lolita in among the white petticoats that hung, sun and clean, from the sides of the basket on her head; and, being new to the country and on the lookout for types, and having heard that to stare is civil in Mexico, he gave her reason to think him very civil indeed. So much so that she went into the dining-room presently, and said that her mother would esteem it a great favor if a peso might be advanced on account. It mattered little to Lolita that her mother had said nothing of the kind.

Advancement has taught the Mexican woman nothing so becoming as the black shawl and the robazo. They explain why there are so many pretty women in church and so few at the opera. Clarke thought that he had never seen such eyes, and such a mouth, and such a clear, colorless skin. There was a subtle mystery about the face under a robazo that could never lurk under a hat.

Lolita came again for the clothes on Monday, and she daltied in the patio and opened the iron gates with the utmost difficulty and delay. But Clarke was not there to see how well she looked with a bundle on her head. He and his chief—older in the tongue, but still young, as the faithful Anglo-Saxon who would proselyte the faithful Mexican, will ever be, in the people—were down in a one-room adobe hotel, at the further end of a big, bare yard full of jars, and sugar-cane, and broken braziers; and they were doing the good work. And Clarke, in the interest of this work, in pity of the dire, all but naked, all but starving poverty that he saw borne so patiently, and in the desire to save souls, forgot in a day the face of Lolita. Indeed, in that day he saw many another as darkly fair, and ceased to heed them.

But Lolita did not forget. She dreamed all day long of the young Gringo, with the hard, light eyes—eyes which, even to her, were more sincere than the soft ones of her countrymen. But her dreaming was not done sitting in the sunlight on the sidewalk in front of her door. She had no time to be idle. She left that to her brothers and to her lover. She herself stood, early and late, with her feet in the running water, washing upon a big stone slab. In the morning the sun beat in under the front of the shed upon her face and head, and in the afternoon she was chilled by the shade. Her mother had the stone next to her, and there were twenty other women under the shelter. All of them had to work hard to pay the rent of their places. Because of this it was that, when Lolita announced one night, upon her return from carrying the clean clothes to the Gringo family, that she was no longer going to be a lavandera, and that she was about to become a house servant, her mother shrieked many picturesque varieties of curses upon her, and beat her across the head.

"I shall have to pay for some one to help me at the lavaderos," Lolita warned off a blow, and then shrugged her shoulders.

"The family is Gringo."

It was a hideous, incontrovertible fact, but Lolita looked at it softened by the rosy haze of love.

"It is for that that they will give me four pesos a month," she said.

"I, who am your mother, forbid it."

But Lolita was going to be a Protestant. She had already been once to the American church, and the chains of filial obedience were therefore broken. So she tossed the end of her robazo around her neck. The language of the fan is the theme of poets, but none has yet arisen to sing the rich and varied tongue of the robazo.

Thereupon Lolita and her belongings removed to the house of the Gringos. And she filled her place better than the proselyte who had been before her had done. At least, in youth the love of man is a keener incentive to duty than the love of heaven. She was docile, and submissive, and humble; bowing to the ties before her spiritual and domestic masters, and she would have willingly made of herself a mat for Clarke's serviceable, ugly boots. Yet, for all that, she could not but judge inwardly the heathenish customs of the Gringo—such, for instance, as that of taking many meats and vegetables upon the table at one time; and of dressing at home, even in the very early morning, as though visitors were expected; and of being for-

ever and ever at one thing or another. Clarke and all the band of brothers and sisters set valiantly to work to put her feet upon the bare and narrow path that leads far away from gilded altars and graven images like nothing in heaven above, nor in the earth beneath, nor in the waters under the earth; from satin-robbed, jewel-loaded Virgins; from chants and incense; and from the dim, religious light that broods between high Gothic walls that have looked down, within, upon human histories, and without, upon the progress of races, through drowsy centuries. She was counted their most sincere and convinced convert. She approved the Protestant custom of not laboring upon the Sabbath, but she thought it a pity that it should be all but spoiled by that of spending the morning in Sabbath school and most of the afternoon in church.

Yet there was Clarke to look at as he taught his class of squirming American and soft-eyed, passive Mexican boys. And there was Clarke to look at, as he made prayers in a tongue she was beginning to grasp. And in the short moments when he was not visible, there was Miss Mary to watch—Miss Mary, the Gringo with the yellow curls, and the blue, shaded, saucy eyes, and the pursed, smiling, demure mouth, so red and so mischievous, and the flickering dimples that played about it at every instant.

It was long before it occurred to Lolita to watch them together. When, at last, it did, there came a new look into the long, dark orbs beneath the shadow of the black shawl; and life took on another meaning for the child of a jealous race. At night she shuffled into her room in the back patio, and rolling herself in her red blanket, cried for hours, quietly and miserably. The cook sat in her own corner, smoking, and saying the beads that she kept well hidden—for she, too, was a light of the Protestant church.

"What is the matter with you, nina?" she asked, when for many nights the peace of her meditations had been troubled by the ceaseless sobs.

There was no answer. After a time, a very long time, she rose slowly and went across.

"Que tienes?"

"Nada," said Lolita, miserably; "nothing," and she drew the blanket over her head.

The cook went back to her corner and finished her cigarette.

"I think you are in love with the Gringo youth," she said calmly.

Lolita continued to sob.

"I think that is why you came here." After reflection, she continued: "I do not think he loves you. It is the American girl."

"I hate her!" was the stifled outburst from under the blanket. The Mexican passions are frank.

"Without doubt; but she is beautiful, verdad."

Lolita did not deny it.

"The youth is her sweetheart. I saw him in the plaza with her."

"They are bad people," wailed the girl.

The cook raised her sharp shoulders and turned out the palms of her hands. What was to be urged in defence of women who walked in the streets with their lovers and were left alone in the room with them?

"I would slit her cheek," gnashed Lolita. It is the mark of shame put upon evil women by those they have wronged.

"He is a Gringo. He would marry her anyway," soothed the old creature.

Lolita rolled herself out of the blanket upon the floor. She lay beating her fists upon the tiles.

"He shall not—he shall not marry her!"

"He will not marry you," consoled the cook, philosophically.

"Of course not," she answered, scornfully.

The cook hunched her shoulders again and was silent, and in time Lolita went back into her blanket and cried until she fell asleep.

Now it happened upon the next evening that the bell of the patio gate rang, and that Lolita, when she went to open it, confronted Senorita Mary through the bars.

"Good evening," said the American, for the brotherhood taught its proselytes English assiduously.

Lolita unlocked the gate, and flung it open, and did not answer. The senorita threw back a cape that displayed her bare, baby neck. She was going to the monthly social under the wing of the mistress of the house.

Clarke came out from his room to meet her, and they sat under the moonflower vine, in the patio, where the air was sweet and heavy with jasmine, and syringa, and gardenia. The light of the electric bulb shone down on the glittering tendrils of hair, and on her face, and Lolita, standing in the shadow among the flower jars, watched her lifting the rough eyes to Clarke, and casting them down sideways, and smiling a changing, gay, provoking little smile. And she watched her go with the senora and the senora's lank, bearded husband.

Clarke stood long looking through

the gate. Then he went back to his room. He had work to do, the work of heaven, from which he found the heaven of Mary Garnett's blue eyes was keeping him of late.

Lolita glided across the threshold—the sandals worn of old had taught her the smooth movement—and went to his washstand. "Weel you haf water?" she asked.

Clarke was thinking of anything in the world but of what she said; he only heard her vaguely. He had his chin on his doubled fists and was looking at her calmly, straight into her great, dark eyes. She might have been a crack in the whitewash, and he would have gazed in the same way. But Lolita misunderstood.

"Weel you haf aqua?" she whispered, her voice falling.

"Oh!" said the young minister; "yes, thanks," and he smiled at his own abstraction.

And Lolita also misunderstood the smile. Hope swept the jealousy and all reason from her mind.

"Aie!" she cried, and flung herself down by his low rawhide chair, and caught at his arm; "me quier es! You love, you love me!"

He tried to rise, but she had thrown her arms across his knees and buried her face upon them, and when he sprang up she fell prone, and lay on the tiles at his feet. He bent and took her hand to raise her, but she clung to it terribly, and would not lift her head.

"Lolita, stand up, you foolish child!" he said, angrily; and when she would not, he tried to wrench his hand away. She caught at it then with both her own, and he could only drag her with her face along the floor.

"Lolita," he said, despairingly, "if you will only stand up you will please me."

She scrambled to her feet, still clinging with the clutch of a vice to his wrist and fingers; and she raised her gorgeous eyes. He saw for the first time that they were grey; and the thought of her probable parentage and evil antecedents passed across his mind. He turned his face from the look of mad, jealous, reckless love.

"Lolita," he said, sternly and quietly, "let go my hand."

He jerked his arm with all his force, and it flung her half across the room, but she dragged him with her. Then he stopped and gathered his breath and courage.

"Do you think, Lola, that I love you?"

"Si," she answered, bending her head. The clutch loosened.

"I am very sorry you do," he said, kindly, "for I do not. I love Senorita Mary, and I am going to ask her to be my wife."

He shrank and threw out his hands at the cry, like the howl of an angry puma, that came from between the grey, drawn lips. Then they stood looking at each other. He moved toward the door, but she jumped in front of him, and pushed him back, with both hands against his chest.

"Do you love that girl?" she asked, under her breath, and then her voice rose higher and higher, in shrill Mexican: "Do you love that bad, that shameless girl? She does not love you. Not as I love you. Then I will tell you," she said, folding her arms upon her breast. "I am not Protestant. I never really believed the things you taught me. I came because I saw you, and you looked at me, and I thought you loved me. I have cried every night and often in the day because I hate that girl. I have been very bad. But now I will go away."

She made as if to strike him across the face, then suddenly caught at his hand again and kissed it, and flung it down wet with her tears. In an instant the gate of the patio had clanked shut behind her, and she was gone into the night, without reboso or tapalo, her head bare like that of a bold woman.

"You know Lolita," said the cook to her mistress, a week later. "She love Senor Clarke much."

The mistress stared open-mouthed.

"What?" she asked.

"She love the young man. She very sick now. She sees in the hos-pital of the madres, and the padre he forgive her when she confess. She sees Catalique some more."

Her mistress waited patiently. To have hurried the narrative would have been to have hopelessly confused it.

"She go in the street all the night, in the morning she go in the church, to Mexicaltzingo, and she"—English failed, and she glided into Spanish—"and she fell on the steps of the altar. They were of stone, so she cut her head very much. The padre found her there, and she confessed when she could talk. She sees Catalique some more," she repeated; "et es bad she

not be always Protestant same as me," she reflected, piously, as she frothed the chocolate. Then she raised her shoulders to her ears. "But she love the senor much, verdad—much, much!"—San Francisco Examiner.

A Good Complexion

Depends on Good Digestion.

This is almost an axiom, although usually we are apt to think that cosmetics, face powders, lotions, fancy soaps, etc., are the secret for securing a clear complexion.

But all these are simply superficial assistants. It is impossible to have a good complexion unless the digestive organs perform their work properly; unless the stomach by properly digesting the food taken into it furnishes an abundance of pure blood a good complexion is impossible.

This is the reason so many ladies are using Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, because they promptly cure any stomach trouble, and they have found out that perfect digestion means a perfect complexion and one that does not require cosmetics and powders to enhance its beauty.

Many ladies diet themselves or deny themselves many articles of food solely in order to keep their complexion clear.

When Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are used no such dieting is necessary. Take these tablets and eat all the good, wholesome food you want, and you need have no fear of indigestion nor the sallow, dull complexion which nine women out of ten have, solely because they are suffering from some form of indigestion.

Bear in mind that beauty proceeds from good health, good health results from perfect digestion, and we have advanced the best argument to induce every man or woman to give this splendid remedy a trial.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets can be found in drug stores, and cost but 50 cents per package. They are prepared by the F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich.

If there is any derangement of the stomach or bowels they will remove it, and the resultant effects are good digestion, good health and a clear, bright complexion. Ask your druggist for the tablets and a free book on stomach diseases.

The Reading Habit.

Reading so universal a habit as it is assumed to be? There are certain unconscious, merely mechanical processes of civilized man which look like reading, which an untutored Indian might assert to be reading, but which are only semblance and seeming, says the New York Post. A certain number of newspaper columns must be glanced at every day; the pages of a few magazines must be idly turned, novels dipped into, book reviews skimmed, and essays skipped. School children have to dig their way out of the hundred or two text-books which are flung at their heads. But there is nothing in all this that can truthfully be called reading. It is not even an appetite, to say nothing of its being a perverted appetite. It is simply the languid, dawdling habit of doing what

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others do and talk about. By it the mind is not merely not fed, but not even made to feel hunger. There is no push of passion behind it, no clamorous appetite growing stronger by what it feeds on, such as real readers know. The typical reader of this pseudo class is the youth who lounges before the fire with a book and an apple, the latter being, as he explains, "to occupy his mind" while he reads.

Reading which does not occupy the mind is not reading in any honest sense of the word. Yet it makes up an appalling proportion of what is called reading. And the purveyors of reading matter are more and more coming to see that they must cater to people who are willing to use eyes, but not brains, when they read. Hence the increasingly vaudeville character of current literature. It must all be touch and go. The most successful magazine is simply a variety theater done into paper and ink and picture.

"Come in and be amused," is the invitation that sprawls upon its cover. Inside you will find no single page to excite thought. Multiplied pictures tell the whole story. All the text not in capital letters you may skip without losing an idea. Writers come on one after the other to do their "turn," and it is all very much like looking at a kinetoscope and thinking you are seeing life.

Now, if we could, as we should, eliminate all this perfunctory and mind-drowning business from our definition of reading, it seems to us that it would make the task of the lecturers and the essayists on the reading habit much simpler. It might open their eyes to the fact that all their advice is not worth a pin. A real reader is such by grace of heaven and opportunity, never as a result of being told what to read. But he is a rare bird in any generation or country. Advice is as much wasted on him as salt would be on a nightingale's tail. If any parent has the luck to discover such a creature in his family, he would do well to walk softly before him, and, taking counsel of Dr. Holmes, just let him "browse in a library." What shall a real reader read? "Read anything five hours a day," said Johnson, "and you will soon be learned." It was he also who remarked, "Whilst you stand deliberating which book your son shall read first, another boy has read both." But first catch your reader.

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The Shop.

A Sketch of Toronto Life by Edith Harman Brown in the New York Home Journal.

THEY had lived on the avenue for 22 years. It was an ill-paved, old-fashioned thoroughfare, down the center of which had recently been laid the trolley line, like a modish hat on the head of a beggar. The Canadian town was too poor to repair the block pavement which had long since become sunken and ragged, so that the bed of the surface road was the only passable part. He had come from Plymouth, England, some thirty years before, and she was a native of Ireland. When I first saw them they had been married, I should judge, about twenty years. The man was small, with a wizened face, and one eye practically blind and sunken. He wore a light brown moustache and a decidedly uneven beard. Spectacles, knee breeches, and a white linen coat composed his business suit, as he conducted most of his affairs on a wheel. She was a dressmaker, if a feminine human being who puts clothing together in a haphazard fashion is entitled to the name. She was fat, and more than forty. Her short hair, parted at one side, was of a suspiciously green tinge. The redness of the exposed scalp confirmed the suggestion of hair dye. She, too, wore spectacles, and her mouth resembled a badly-made button hole. Fortunately for a portion of the human race, this couple had no children. "Tis better to be good than to be handsome," we are often told; and they were good, this faithful old pair, striving to do their duty in the state of life to which they had been called.

The shop, a room of small dimensions, had once been the chief source of their income. In recent years, however, the modern tyrants—department stores—with ruthless hands had swept all trade away from the smaller shops. Business had gradually decreased, the little bell attached to the door seldom rang, and the shop was a shop merely in name. So it transpired that she fell back on dressmaking in the two rear rooms. In the room adjoining the shop the girls sewed; in the other, reached by a separate corridor, the customers were fitted. On either side of the shop ran two counters, and on the wall back of these counters were the usual shelves. These were filled with a medley assortment of linings, cambrics and crinolines, still wrapped in the papers which had covered them in the wholesale stores. In one compartment was a box labeled the "new era shirt." Below this stood a square chest, whose shallow drawers contained spoils of every size credited to Clark's O. N. T. The opposite counter held the old man's coat and his Bible. On the wall a lady in a chromo, with very pink cheeks, white teeth, and a cheerful smile, greeted anyone entering. She wore a green and red dress, and across her waist was proclaimed the fact that Oriental velvet is the best. In the window, shrinking from view under a bank of hideous wool, were two uncurled ostrich feathers, some shirt studs on a card, and a baby's dress. Suspended from a string above them were two tape measures and some cravats. A placard bearing the words: "Umbrellas covered and repaired," and another: "To let," leaned weakly against the window pane. The latter sign was in so inconspicuous a position as to cause one instinctively to shun any business proposal.

"Mrs. B." I suggested on one occasion, "if you want to let your shop, why not put your sign where it would be seen to greater advantage?" She removed six pins from her mouth before replying, with a smile: "Why, we ain't so particular as all that."

"O," I ventured, "you should have more eye to business. We Americans would never be rich, if we did things in that way."

Again the placid smile and the observation: "Yes, the Yankees are certainly more go-ahead than the Canadians."

And that was all the satisfaction I received. Two bicycles, one hers and the other his, stood against the counter, impeding the progress of any chance customer. Mr. B.'s wheel was the delivery wagon of the establishment. Tied to its handle-bars and wrapped in newspaper, the dresses made by his wife reached their destination. The pittance paid for their manufacture partially compensated for the rumpled condition in which they fell from their wrappings.

One evening she came instead. Mr. B. had been "awful ill." She had thought one time during the day he was going to die. "Kind of cholera-like."

"Is he better now?" we asked.

"Oh, yes, he is some better!"

After she was gone, we discovered her eye-glasses on a chair in the hall. I volunteered to take them to her on the way to Sunday school the next day. The morning dawned bright and clear. As I stepped into the car my whole being was permeated with the glory of living. The trolley sped on, carrying me away from the better districts, and with a sudden turn traveling down the rugged old avenue. Presently the shop came in sight. It wore a more deserted aspect than usual. The blinds were down, the shutters drawn, and—what? Yes, from the door knob swung a streamer of crape with its ghastly rosette. The poor old man must have succumbed. Faithful old soul, his struggles were ended. He had taken his last ride, and the old wheel bearing his attenuated frame and the little bundle was a vision of

the past. I recalled all the hasty words I had spoken, scolding him for broken promises and repeated delays. How bitterly I repented of them. Wishing I had been more considerate of his limitations! On my way home I stopped and bought some flowers—just a few to lay on the old man's breast. Then I made my way up the avenue again to the shop. Alas! I had not been mistaken. The faded crape swung in the breeze, and, in answer to my knock, the door was opened, and Mrs. B., woful and tear-stained, stood before me.

"I am so sorry," I began, "I brought you these few flowers."

She wiped her eyes with the corner of her black sewing apron, regardless of the dye which remained on her cheek.

"Yes," she sobbed; "it was so sudden."

A pause.

"Won't you come into the back room?"

I could not decline without hurting her feelings, and so followed her down the narrow passage into the fitting-room. What would become of her now, the poor old widow? Three women sat in a row, on three chairs, folding their six hands over their three fronts. Opposite to them stood a coffin. What should I say? Nothing seemed appropriate. I concluded to merely lean forward and place the flowers on the old man's breast. I approached the casket and leaned over, when—I did not solem, I did not fail, but I clasped Mrs. B.'s ample waist for support. To this day, no doubt, she believes in my over-sympathetic heart. Instead of the withered, pathetic face of the old man, I gazed on the features of a woman. Younger by some years, but bearing a marked resemblance to the woman at my side. Mrs. B.'s words came to me as in a dream. "She was took on Saturday while she was sweepin' this very room. She had been singin' all the morning, singin': 'When Jesus comes to call His children home.'"

I could not speak. I laid the flowers on the heart of the dead woman, and, pressing the hand of the living, left the house. The only justification of my next act is in the fact that laughter and tears are closely allied. I had difficulty in relating the incident at home. On consulting the paper, we discovered that my old friend's sister, while on a visit, had been suddenly called to the unknown bourne. My sensations are peculiar when I meet the little man whose journey I had imagined finished; and beyond doubt the old couple credit me with a larger heart and greater generosity than I in reality possess.

Lewis Carroll.

M. R. S. D. COLLINGWOOD, in the December Century, describes some of the odd ways of Lewis Carroll, the author of "Alice in Wonderland." That he was, in some respects, eccentric, cannot be denied; for instance, he never wore an overcoat, and always wore a tall hat, whatever might be the climatic conditions. He would wear only cotton gloves. In these small personal matters he had a great fear of extravagance. At dinner in his rooms small pieces of cardboard took the place of table mats; they answered the purpose perfectly well, he said, and to buy anything else would be a mere waste of money.

On the other hand, when purchasing books for himself, or giving treats to the children he loved, he never seemed to consider expense at all.

When making tea for his friends he used—in order, I suppose, to expedite the process—to walk up and down the room waving the teapot about and telling meanwhile those delightful anecdotes of which he had an inexhaustible supply.

He had a strong objection to staring colors in dress, his favorite combination being pink and grey. One little girl who came to stay with him was absolutely forbidden to wear a red frock, of a somewhat pronounced hue, while out in his company.

At meals he was always very abstemious, while he took nothing in the middle of the day except a glass of wine and a biscuit. Under these circumstances it is not very surprising that the healthy appetites of his little friends filled him with wonder, and even with alarm.

When he took a certain one of them out with him to a friend's house to dinner, he used to give the host or hostess a gentle warning, to the mixed amazement and indignation of the child: "Please be careful, because she eats a good deal too much."

Brush—How long was Dauber at work on his picture? Palette—Three years. Six months to paint it, and two years and a half to sell it—Wasp.

Cyrano de Bergerac.

R. Hartley in Dramatic Mirror.
The Palace, out in Cripple, we've been playing repertoire—The Hidden Hand, The Fire Patrol, M'iss, and many more
Of the same kind of dramas that I can't enumerate—

My wife and I and Jimmy being Star Trimmvrate.

'We did right well?' Oh, yes, sir—we made a tidy stack.

But lost it all producing this Cyrano Bergerac.

'Forget the "de"?' Not much, sir. You see, the fellows there

Are prejudiced against a name that has an upplish air;

They know exactly what they want—demand the newest plays—

So when the New York papers came they caught the latest craze,

And came around to warn us that they'd rip us up the back

Unless we promptly gave 'em this Cyrano Bergerac.

'We sent for it—at last it came, 'Great Scott!' says Jim, 'It's Greek, Or Latin, or some foreign tongue that none of us can speak!'

That stumped us!—till we ran across the chef of Wolfe's hotel,

A greasy little Dago—but he knew the lingo well;

And so we took the drama to his evil-smelling shack,

And turned his talents loose upon Cyrano Bergerac.

'He worked like mad, that Dago did, through all the night and day,

Translatin' and expurgin' and improv'in' on the play;

He introduced some clever gags and dances for Roxane,

And raised the adaptation to a high artistic plane;

And, let me tell you, when 'twas done there wasn't any lack

Of good dramatic action in Cyrano Bergerac.

'The costumes and the settings were elaborately planned;

That is, we did the best we could with what we had on hand—

And—well, to make the story short, the evening came at last.

And brought with it an audience I've never seen surpassed,

From Pemberton and Victor, from Gillette and Rusty Tack,

The boys came down in crowds to see Cyrano Bergerac.

'The curtain rose amid applause—the orchestra forgot

To finish up the overture—excitement was so hot.

The play began—'You've seen it, sir? It's beautiful—you're right—

But you have never seen it as we put it on that night.

Of course, I played the title role, and when I entered—back—

I swore we had a winner in Cyrano Bergerac.

'But Bloody Bill, of Pemberton, up from his seat arose,

And laid a bet with Canyon Kid he'd amputate my nose

From where he stood. He drew his gun—a shot—the bullet bore

My property proboals clear across to Bennett's store.

'He made a hit? That's true, sir; but after that, alack!

The boys showed little interest in Cyrano Bergerac.

'That's all there is to tell, sir—it went from bad to worse:

Whenever I went on the stage some hobo, with a curse,

Would rise up in the gallery, the same as Bloody Bill,

And mutilate my make-up with his damned revolver skill.

We closed the house, and walked the ties—'I'm happy to be back—

And never will I play again Cyrano Bergerac."



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Comes a Story of Disease Banished by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Mr. Thomas L. Hubbs Cured of Kidney Disease, After Various Medicines had been Tried and had Failed—Dodd's Kidney Pills Made Him Well.

Kenlis P. O., N. W. T.—Even this remote point in our great Dominion, the fame of Dodd's Kidney Pills has penetrated, pain and suffering have been driven out, and health and happiness have been given in their stead, by this grand medicine.

Mr. Thomas L. Hubbs, owner and occupant of section 28, township 19, range 11, met with a severe accident about a year ago. He was thrown out of his wagon, and among the injuries he sustained was a very severe strain of the Kidneys.

Soon after his mishap his kidneys began to make manifest the fact that they were unable to do their work properly. Severe, stabbing pains darted across the small of his back, and a dull, terrible ache in his loins, kept him in continual agony.

Various remedies were used, but none gave any relief. The pains seemed to grow worse, and, hearing of the wonderful efficacy of Dodd's Kidney Pills, he decided to try what they would do for him.

He bought a box, and began taking the pills, going strictly according to the directions. Judge of his delight when, in a few days, he began to feel better. Day by day the improvement grew more marked, until when he had taken all the pills, he was "Sound as a bell," and not a trace of his old trouble remained.

Mr. Hubbs, in writing of his case, says: "I live in the municipality of Indian Head, and all who know me can vouch for the truth of this statement."

Where Dodd's Kidney Pills are used Kidney Disease cannot exist. It is driven out swiftly and promptly, never to return.

A Calculating Bore.

Charles Battell Loomis in the Century.

MY friend Bings is one of those habitual calculators—one of the kind that says if all the teeth that have been extracted since the first dentist began business were to be used for paying purposes in Hades, the good-resolutions contractor would be out of a job for ten thousand years. He thinks in numbers, and if he were a minister he would get all his texts from the same source.

The other day he saw me first on a ferry boat, and immediately button-holed me. Said he: "How sad it is to think that so much labor goes for naught!"

I knew that I was in for one of his calculations; but I also knew that it would be useless to try to head him off.

He stroked his beard, and said, with an imitation of thoughtfulness: "Every day in this Empire State one million human beings go to bed tired because you and I and the rest leave butter on our plates, and don't eat our crusts."

I told him that I was astonished, but that he would have to elucidate.

"The farmers sow 8,000,000 bushels of useless grain—grain that eventually goes out to sea on the refuse scows—

they milk 50,000 cows to no other purpose than to produce sour or spoiled milk, they allow their valuable hens to lay 1,654,800,001 eggs that will serve no better purpose than to spatter some would-be Booth or lie neglected in some out-of-the-way corner, while their wives are making 1,008,983 pounds of butter that will be left on the edges of plates and thrown into the refuse pail. If they didn't sow the useless grain, or fess over the hens that lay the unused eggs, or draw the milk that is destined to sour, or make the butter that is to ornament the edges of the china disks, they would be able to go to bed merely healthily tired instead of overworked, and fewer farmers would commit suicide, and fewer farmers' wives would go insane." His eyes gleamed, and I knew that, as he would put it, his pulse was going so fast that if it were revolutions of a locomotive wheel it would take only so long to go somewhere.

"And what is your remedy for all this?" asked I, with becoming, if mock, interest.

"Let us help ourselves to no more than we want at table, buy our eggs a week earlier, drink our milk the day before, eat our bread before it is too dry, and in six months' time there will be a reduced State death rate, more vacancies in the insane asylums, 1,456,608 rosy cheeks where to-day there are that many pale ones."

Just then the ferry boat's gates were lifted, and as we went our several ways, in the hurry that is characteristic of 7,098,111 Americans out of eight millions, I thought that, if all the brains of all the arithmetical cranks were used in place of wood pulp to make into paper, we writers would get our pads for nothing.

New York Central & Hudson River Railroad.
Easter Vacation. Excursion to Washington, D. C., Friday, March 24th, 1899. Ten Dollars Round Trip.

On the above date the New York Central, in connection with the Pennsylvania Railroad, will run their last excursion of the season to Washington. Tickets good on regular trains, and also on special train leaving Buffalo at 8.45 p.m., Batavia 9.40 p.m., Rochester 10.35 p.m. Arriving at Harrisburg 6.35 a.m. for breakfast. Arrive Washington at 10.30 a.m.

Passengers leaving Suspension Bridge at 7.30 p.m., Niagara Falls 7.35 p.m., Tonawanda 7.55, will connect with this train at Buffalo. Falls road passengers will take special at Rochester. Auburn road passengers take special at Canandaigua. Tickets good returning up to and including April 3. Only ten dollars round trip. Side trips from Washington to Richmond, Old Point Comfort, Norfolk, Virginia Beach, and Mount Vernon. Call on New York Central ticket agents, or address H. Parry, General Agent, No. 308 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., for all information.

It is often unfair to judge a frame by the picture it encloses.—Exchange.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and turns in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

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EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

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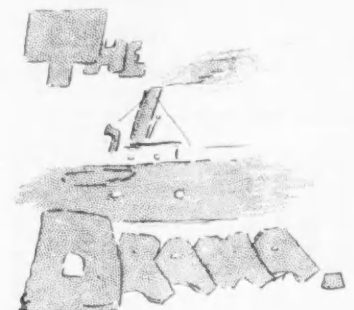
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THERE could not possibly be a more difficult duty imposed upon any conscientious person than to write weekly criticisms of the Cammings Stock Company. The observant reader will not charge me with having failed or succeeded at it, for it has been only too apparent that I have not attempted it at all. All through the season, so far, I have but glanced at the work done by the company, and have indulged in dissertations on the ethics involved in the dramas produced. To really criticize is difficult, because every newspaper man in town knows how necessarily hurried and scant is the preparation allowed the players who are producing a new play every week and performing twice each day. The newspaper men know and are appalled. If, then, an actor or an actress fails to do as well by a part as some other actor or actress who has studied and worked up a role for a season, shall the newspaper writer coldly judge the performance as he sees it, or shall he make some allowance for what he knows? Shall he also forget or remember the low prices that prevail? If he possesses ordinary sense he will say, as all the newspaper critics do say, that the work done by the Cammings Stock Company is surprisingly well done, and that the opportunity of seeing plays of a good and clean character at the prices charged at the Princess Theater is something that the town should congratulate itself upon. And evidently it does.

At the same time I feel called upon to say that while Mr. Barnes of New York is amusing and interesting as played this week at the Princess, it is merely a burlesque of that play. Maurice Freeman and Nettie Marshall, in the way they play the two roles entrusted to them, make the reader of Gunter's book squirm in his seat, and cause the man who has seen the play before to wonder why on earth it is now played in this way. Gunter's character was a man of the most unconquerable energy; not the bold, artless masquerade depicted by Mr. Freeman on the



Edwin and Mariana.

railway journey. These people were not factory hands, but people of some social standing, versed in the arts and graces of life. It would surely not have added much to the labor of preparing this play to have got the right view of it. In this, as in former interpretations of the play, Mariana takes high-handed measures with her Count. She points her finger and bids him "Go," as if she were Cleopatra and he a slave. It reminds me of a passage in one of Mary Jane Holmes's novels: "She pointed an unflickering finger to the door while her lips formed the word 'Go.'" The high-tragedy air used in such cases rather surprises humdrum people. But it may be all right. I never was a Count and never loved a Corsican girl with a vendetta on her hands. Miss Hall is a decided acquisition

to the Cummings Company and promises to be a favorite with the patrons of the house. Her dark costume is very becoming.

Perhaps there were not half a dozen vacant seats in the Toronto Opera House from the pit to the roof on Monday night when Fanny Rice made her first appearance in her mis-named comedy, *At the French Ball*. The production is mis-named because we have learned to expect something quite vulgar—something as improper as the police may be expected to permit—whenever a farce comedy deals with a French ball. Then, too, we have French productions like *The Turtle*, which give off a bad odor and cause us to reflect that another Reign of Terror might not be amiss. We get, perhaps, very wrong ideas of French society from the purulent plays that are "adapted" and brought along to shock us, for after all let us hope that Parisians do not necessarily endorse all that they laugh at. Yet, their literature is colored with the same brush as their drama, and their comic papers provoke laughter by illustrating subjects that could never be treated in English—at least not since the last century, if then.

As a matter of fact, Fanny Rice's farce-comedy could get along very well without the discredited French ball. It should not figure in the title at all, and something could be substituted for it in the last act. The production really enforces a lesson of contentment with one's station in life, showing, as it does, that a shoemaker's wife may be happier than the wives of rich men. Fanny Rice is the shoemaker's wife, and she gets into various little complications that reveal to her the heart-burnings of women who have all that money can buy. Fanny Rice is a comedienne. It is rather surprising that of all the high priced actresses on the stage we have really not one woman who can begin to compare with any one of twenty comedians who visit Toronto at intervals. How is it that we have no female John Smith, or Roland Reed, or John Hare? How is it that we have no female comedian with a strong sense of humor and a power of real character delineation? The vacancy caused by the death of Rolla Vokes remains yet unfilled, and the best that is offered us is the cooling impudences of a Della Fox and the aping of masculinity by a Johnston Bennett. There are thousands and thousands of smart women on the stage who profess to be funny and are paid large salaries on the understanding that they are funny, but you may attend the theaters all season and not see one who does more than play the parrot to the playwright or the song-maker behind the scenes. They exaggerate, they romp, they are smart, but they really do not appeal to the public sense of humor as the comedians do. I know that this may be very strongly disputed by some and is a bold thing to say in the face of the bill-boards and in the face of the managers who pay salaries of three hundred dollars a week to women who are supposed to be very highly gifted in this very way. I wish to say for Fanny Rice that I think she could develop a somewhat unusual degree of comedy power if she aimed at it—even as it is she is a decided improvement upon the many—but she should be careful not to rest satisfied with the show-room devices whereby "the many" counterfeited the real thing. Fanny Rice and her farce-comedy, just as it stands, is refreshing and wholesome in its effects upon pale people.

The Heart of Maryland at the Grand Opera House the first three nights of this week was worth going to see. Of course every play is more or less worth going to see if your object is criticism and analysis, but for genuine enjoyment this one was great. The author, David Belasco, has a faculty for weaving events into complications without, however, employing any cheap devices for facilitating the dramatic action that renders his productions unusually fascinating. The story is connected with an incident of the Civil War in the States, the defeat of the Confederates at Charlesville. The heroine, Maryland, a Southern girl, is engaged to a Union soldier, who is a prisoner of the South. The colonel, who has the exchange of prisoners in his hands, has a grudge against the fiancée of Maryland, and sends him to Charlesville, which is in immediate danger from the Confederate army. The heroine's brother is a member of the secret service in the employ of the North, he tells her of the danger and she warns the Yankees, forgetting her patriotism for a time in her affection. Then she proceeds to get her sweetheart into trouble again in her attempt to shield her brother, who has been shot with duplicate Confederate papers on his person. Then she devotes her energies to getting her lover out of prison, signing papers that incriminate her, and doing brave deeds. Necessity teaches her the use of a bayonet, she prevails on the "dead shot" of the regiment to miss his aim, she swings on the tongue of the bell that is rung to warn the soldiers of the escape of a Union prisoner, and the ladder gets "home free," as they say in hide-and-seek. In the end, the heart of brave little Maryland is relieved of its burden of fears and, although everybody doesn't live happy ever after, at least the two who have suffered the most are comparatively contented when the curtain goes down, as the dangers that were keeping them so busy are apparently overcome. The bald story, you see, reads as if it were a melodrama of the ordinary kind, but Mr. Belasco has treated the theme with some art and elevates it above the commonplace. The attendance was small on Monday evening and it will perhaps be found that Canadian towns are, and will be, a bit chary of war dramas from the United States.

It is announced that the new play which Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has written for Mr. Tree and Her Majesty's Theater in London is to be called *Carnac Sahib*, and is to be produced in April. The hero is a colonel in the British Indian army, and the tale is of the love of two men for one woman. An Indian potentate is also



Lady (who has given the new domestic orders to say she is not at home)—Did the lady say anything, Katy?
Katy:—Yes: "Thank heaven," she said.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

mixed up in the plot. Mrs. James Brown Potter will be the enchantress and the rivals will be impersonated by Mr. Tree and Mr. Waller. There is said to be an abundance of striking incidents connected with frontier expeditions, although no actual fighting is done upon the stage. Opportunities for rich scenic display are, of course, plentiful.

Roland Reed is at the Grand Opera House for the second half of the week in his new comedy, *His Father's Boy*. As usual, he is supported by Isadore Rush and a good company, and Toronto people, although not crowding the house as they should, are giving him a better support than recent plays at the Grand have been receiving. One thing about Roland Reed that we all admire is the fact that he seldom brings the same play back with him a second time, but always manages to get something new and bright. This new comedy is by Sidney Rosenfeld, and gives Mr. Reed a good setting for his fetching humor.

Sometimes characters on the stage are given attributes that are fictitious. At the Toronto Opera House this week there is a great prima donna among the characters, and when she comes to sing—although she sings well, too—she cannot possibly perform up to her requirements, for it would take a Nordica at least to do that. The same thing occurred at the Princess, when Cyrano de Bergerac was put on. Cyrano was talked of as the greatest swordsman in France, yet when he reached the duel scene the sword play must have amused even the young ladies. But these things are, no doubt, unavoidable.

Sidney Grundy's version of Dumas' novel, *The Three Musketeers*, was put on at the Broadway Theater, New York, on Monday evening, with James O'Neill as D'Artagnan. The company is a very strong one, including Wilton Lackey, Edmund Collier, S. Miller Kent, Harry Saint Maur, Judith Berolde and Blanche Bates. The same craze for D'Artagnan that recently manifested itself in London has cropped out in New York. Sothen is playing *The King's Musketeer* at the Knickerbocker Theater and his sword-play and happy bravado win great applause.

The Grand will be dark the first three nights of next week. The latter half of the week Shore Acres, the most successful of all pastoral plays, will hold the boards. Shore Acres has many strong points. The petty weaknesses of human nature are portrayed with the greatest fidelity, while the good and noble side of life is enlarged upon through the course of the play. It is in truth a sermon of the stage, preached by living characters.

Mrs. Fiske is at the Fifth Avenue Theater, New York, this week, playing *Love Finds a Way* and *A Bit of Old Chelsea*. Later on Mrs. Fiske will play *Frou-Frou* and a new one-act play, *Little Italy*. Magda has been abandoned or dropped for the present.

Shore Acres is coming to the Grand Opera House, but it is without James A. Herne. He is in New York presenting his new play, *Rev. Griffith Davenport*, at the Harlem Opera House. This production is only a qualified success, according to the New York critics.

The musical and bazaar in aid of the building fund of the Working Boys' Home should draw a big crowd to-night, not only on account of the good object to be served, but because the programme is universally attractive.

Bert Coote, in *The New Boy*, is the bill for next week at the Toronto Opera House.

Peck's *Bad Boy* is announced for next week at the Princess Theater.

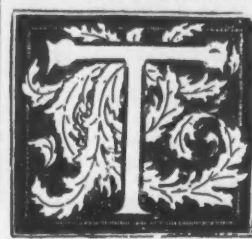
He Sees it Everywhere.

Mr. E. J. A. Watts of Buffalo, a Canadian who is now a commercial traveler through the Eastern States, writes to the editor of SATURDAY NIGHT from Carthage, N.Y., as follows:

"Occasionally I get a bundle of SATURDAY NIGHTS sent from Toronto, and after reading them leave them with other Canadian travelers, who are as much interested in your paper, and particularly the editorials, as any Torontonians. You would be surprised to see the number of hotels where your paper is found—not subscribers, of course, but there are hundreds of good Toronto boys on the road here who have friends who never neglect sending them your paper every week."

Of Long Engagements.

E. S. Martin in the Bazar.



HEY say there is no marrying in heaven, so if we can imagine that an engagement might occur there we are at liberty to invent for it an indefinite continuance. There is an exclusiveness about an engagement which somehow does not consort with the prevalent notion of the advantages of that place, but if it could exist there at all it might go on forever, and be a pleasure all the time. It is not altogether so here on the earth, where clearly enough public sentiment is against permanency in engagements, and only tolerates them as a temporary condition. Of course the very young like to be engaged. The very young who have healthy tastes like everything. They are usually delighted to become engaged, glad to be married if possible, and if being married is not immediately practicable they are glad to keep on being engaged. If youth was a continuous state the chief objection to long engagements would disappear. The trouble is that youth is a skittish and fugitive thing, here before you fully realize it, and gone before you know it. It is particularly so in girls. A man is marriageable up to the time when he loses his courage, and even then his case is not hopeless, for his powers of evasion and resistance may wane in the same degree as his daring, and even when his will has grown too feeble to carry him through a courtship he may still be chosen and landed by some woman who knows her mind and sees in him the making of a desirable husband. A bachelor of fifty, with nothing against him but his age, will do to marry at a pinch or in times of scarcity, and of course a widower of that age in good standing may be an excellent match. But with a splinter of fifty it is different. While she may be a charming person, an ornament to society, and an adorable companion, there is no doubt that in ordinary estimation she will be felt to have passed the marrying age. There would be no serious objection to an engagement of an indefinite duration, provided the parties to it were over fifty; but for marrying, the earlier years of life, especially of a woman's life, are better, and society has sound reasons to be jealous of the expenditure of too many of those years in mere betrothal.

There is a sentiment, too, that an engagement that comes to nothing, while bad for both the parties to it, is worse for the girl than for the man. It is apt to happen that a man who falls in love, falls in love, more or less, with womankind, and if he falls out with the specific object of his adoration, he is apt presently to make his loss good in some other quarter. But ordinarily it seems not to happen so—at least not so much so—with women. Girls, as a rule, don't fall in love with the whole of mankind, but only with a single individual, and if the individual turns out to be untrue, or unsuitable, or impossible for any reason, and the engagement is broken, the mishap in the woman's case may have enduring consequences. To be sure it is not so bad to be engaged to an impossible man and break the engagement as it is to be engaged to such a person and marry him, but that is cold comfort, especially if the engagement has lasted a good while, and during its continuance has greatly modified the natural interest which the woman would have taken in the rest of mankind.

Heaven forbid that any hiring scribe should set himself to invent reasons why young persons should not fall in love. That is what they are there for. That is what the Creator intended. Being honestly and heartily in love is, perhaps, the best fun for the money that life offers. No one but parents and guardians and misanthropes and prudens and pelicans object to it. And shall not young persons who fall in love become engaged? Not necessarily. If they can see their way to getting married some time, let them become engaged and announce it, but if not, they had better just keep on loving one another informally. That is a good thing in itself. It warms the heart, keeps one thin and comfortable, and helps support the post-office. Judicious persons will probably agree, however, that when the current of affection proves steady, and a formal engagement is desired, it is justifiable on remoter prospects where the associates are both young than when they are older. A girl of twenty who entangles herself in an engagement which

promises to last five years is much less open to criticism than if she were ten years older. The man may deteriorate on her hands in five years—there is that risk certainly—but if he means well, and she is married at twenty-five, what is there to complain of?

The extreme impatience with long engagements that one finds in certain persons seems to indicate an exaggerated distrust in human nature. There are folks, like my good Aunt Jane, who seem to keep in a state of chronic uneasiness about lovers until she has been to church with them and seen them stand up before the priest. There is no satisfying Aunt Jane by anything less than a wedding. If she suspects that lovers have a private understanding and are deferring their engagement until they get ready to announce it, she is always for poulticing the situation and bringing it promptly to a head. She is sure, in such a case, that the man has no real intentions; that it is a mere pastime with him, and that presently he will make his bow and pass out and on, leaving more or less blight behind him. If an engagement is announced and promises to be of liberal continuance, she likes that scarcely any better. In that case she expects the man to give his whole attention to getting married just as soon as possible. She expects him to rise early, work hard, and live frugally. He is not to spend his money on clubs or flowers or dinners or fine raiment or pleasures of any sort, but to hoard it. She has no patience at all with grown-up men who monopolize idly the attention of girls who ought to be pairing off and settling down. When an exclusive intimacy between marriageable persons becomes conspicuously chronic, and makes no claim to be anything more than a mere platonic friendship, it gets no standing at all in Aunt Jane's estimation. She is down on all that.

Still, folks seem to regulate their engagements without much regard for Aunt Jane's feelings about them. Uncle Thomas, has avowed that the long engagement between young Tadpole and Hermia Scapple was a serious expense to him, because of the extra ice he had to take in during those years on Aunt Jane's account. Yet Hermia and Tadpole finally paired off, and Aunt Jane cooled down and went to the wedding, and they are now living in a Harlem flat—and happily, so far as any one knows. I know of other similar cases; and Aunt Jane knows of other dissimilar cases, and if you could hear her state them, you would probably be of her opinion on this subject. But, after all, what good does her opinion and her impatience do her, and what good would they do you? Grown-up folks in this country are very apt to do as they please, both about getting married and getting engaged. The young may in some cases be steered or restrained to their profit, provided one is well placed to do it; but to meddle to advantage in the affairs of the heart calls for a great deal more sagacity than is usually available for that use, and, in the long run, folks who manage for themselves seem to prosper at least as well as folks whose plans are made for them.

Lament of a Little Girl.

My brother Will, he used to be
The nicest kind of girl.
He wore a little dress like me
And had his hair in curl.
We played with dolls and tea-sets then,
And every kind of toy;
But all those good old times are gone.
Will turned into a boy.

Mamma has made him little suits,
With pockets in his pants,
And cut off all his yellow curls
And sent them to my aunts,
And Will, he was so pleased, I believe
He almost jumped with joy,
And I must own I didn't like
Will turned into a boy.

And now he plays with horrid tops
I don't know how to spin,
And marbles that I try to shoot,
But never hit nor win.
And leaping—I can't give a "back"
Like Charlie, Frank or Roy,
Oh, no one knows how bad I feel
Since Will has turned a boy.

I have to wear frocks just the same,
And now they're mostly white.
I have to sit and just be good,
While Will can climb and fight,
But I must keep my dresses nice
And wear my hair in curl;
And worst—oh, worst thing of all—
I have to stay a girl.

ANON.

A Set of China.

MRS. WILLIAM ASTOR recently paid for a mere set of china thirty thousand American dollars. There are two hundred and twelve pieces in all, each of which is worth almost its weight in gold. This thirty-thousand-dollar set of china, originally intended for royalty, was made in the famous Royal Meissen factory in Dresden, and a sample was sent to Mrs. Astor when she was in Paris last March. She ordered the china at once, with instructions to add the Astor crest and her own monogram. Though the dishes reached America last summer they have been seen only by the guests at Mrs. Astor's first formal dinner given a few weeks ago. Mrs. Astor has added to her already large retinue a woman whose sole duty it is to care for these valuable dishes. The china is rich cream-white in tint, with a slightly scalloped edge. Close to the rim, traced in glittering gold, is the star-scattered Astor crest. Below the crest and encircling each plate is a band of gold, then a band of brilliant red, bordered by another gleaming gold line, and then, still further down in the plate, directly under the crest, are the golden letters "C. A." (Caroline Astor), wrought into an artistic monogram. The soup-dishes are large and deep, measuring ten inches in diameter. The plates are slightly smaller in size. The platters are oblong in shape and are square at the ends. Not one of the two hundred and twelve pieces is ever allowed to touch another, so brittle are these wonderfully costly plates. A china-closet has been specially built to hold them, and each dish is always put in a niche of its own.



Not for Joseph!—Punch.

SNOW-STORMS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.



WERE you ever in a snow-storm? Those who dwell in cities never see the real thing, for the storm in the city is a thing as much pent-up and tamed as is the lion in a cage. The winds may bluster and the snow swirl and bank itself up high and higher at suitable angles of the streets—people may stay indoors for the night as if yielding up the city to the mastery of the storm, but it is all a farce; the storm makes but a mock conquest and the city only shams surrender. By the break of day great electric snow-plows dash along the streets with noise and fury, scattering the fleecy blockade; twenty thousand men and boys with shovels toss the snow from the sidewalks, and when the citizen sets out for his place of business at nine a.m. he walks on almost bare boards to the corner, enters the electric car, reads his morning paper, and in twenty minutes is seated in his office. The storm is nothing to him—is nothing to him. His clerk awaits him; his telephone is in order; his mail matter lies on his desk—the day is the same as yesterday, or the same day last year, or the same day ten years hence—for God knows there is a sameness about it, an inexorable precision in it, that defies not only storms but every other thing. Business is a hard master and a stern monster, who mutilates his slaves, depriving them of sight, hearing and feeling so that they can be better serve him.

But out in the open country—up on the shores of the big lakes—north where the great forests are—there you see the winter storm in its sublimity. It makes no mock conquest as in the city, but exacts instant and unconditional surrender. The winds are not cabined and fractioned, but sweep in majesty where they list. Roads are obliterated and fences disappear, save only where some tall more or valiant than the rest protrudes like a human arm beseeching help. The country is snowed up. The people are snowed in. For days, perhaps for weeks, the backwoods settler will be cut off from communication with his neighbors, of whom he sees little enough at the best of times. There is no longer a road leading anywhere, and it were hopeless to attempt to "break" one until Nature smiles her approval.

AT daylight the settler's son opens the door and finds the snow banked against it almost to the top, but he fights his way over and through it, for he must get out to feed the stock. He is as tough as the cowhide boots he wears, as un-mindful of the weather as the brown duck jacket to his back, which rattles almost like tin as his arm strikes against it. He sinks to his waist, swings his legs high and then down to his waist again, but reaches the stables, through persevering. In an hour's time he feeds and waters the stock, and battles his way back to the log house where breakfast awaits him.

"Everything's all right," he says, "but the ole black hen's gone—can't find her nowhere."

"The ole black hen!" cries Mother. "Not the ole black hen!"

"That's what looked everywhere and she's a goner, sure. Thought you put in the hens yourself!"

"So I did put 'em—Mary Ellen, didn't I hand in the ole black hen to ye with my own hands?" and then without waiting for an answer—"Did you look in the granary, William John? She's always gettin' through that hole into the granary—that's just where she is."

"No, 'tain't where she is—didn't I tell ye I looked everywhere? The granary's somewhere, ain't it?—well, I looked in the granary, and she hain't there. She's a goner, I tell ye." And the son talks to his mother and chews pork with full consciousness that he is the pride and prop of the family, hen or no hen.

"It's a funny thing—" he begins to say.

"It's a powerful strange thing!" agrees his mother.

"I say it's a funny thing that two women can't look after a few hens 'bout losin' half of 'em, when I'm 'tendin' to everything else about the place, and a big storm a-comin' on."

"Oh, you talk," says Mary Ellen. "Nothin' from you now; don't you start jawin', too," retorts William John, as if he had already been tongue-thrashed.

The photographs used in this article were made by Mr. Gerald Jarvis of Annapolis.

asks solicitously: "D'ye think ye can save all on 'em?"

III.

IS it to be wondered that William John goes into the lumber camp the following winter? He goes away with a bundle tied to his axe over his shoulder, and returns in March without axe or bundle, but carrying a banjo in a grain-bag, a pack of cards in his pocket, and the game of pedro in his head. But he has a few dollars in his pocket that off-set these frivolous if not wicked novelties. Mary Ellen learns to play pedro, and ere long the old man can keep the count to the satisfaction of both. The unschooled sounds picked out of the old banjo are music in that log house, as truly as anything that ever flows from the grand piano of a palace.

The snowstorm one sees in the great forests—at the lumber camps—are characterized by the patient, persevering down-coming of snow as one sees it nowhere else. The winds have not room nor desire for play, and the snow falls until it seems to be yards deep. Three or four years ago snow fell for forty consecutive days—not steadily, yet not a day passed without a downfall lasting for at least an hour or so, while sometimes it continued for days without ceasing. During those forty days the thermometer varied so little that it never was too cold for snow to fall nor warm enough to turn it into rain. Doubtless during the same



A Lumber Camp.

forty days Toronto and other towns and cities along Lake Ontario were experiencing very changeable weather.

The picture reproduced herewith showing two lumber shanties, was taken about thirty miles from Parry Sound. The nearer shanty is the day-house of the lumbermen, where their meals are cooked and eaten, where they mend harness, make axe-handles, and sit for a short while in the evening playing pedro—or looking on while some old fellow scrapes a fiddle and some young one dances a jig. But they retire early to the smaller shanty and are soon asleep. Black-strap molasses and pork were the staple foods in the Canadian lumber camps until a few years ago, but the Yankee mill-owners have changed that considerably. They thought it good business to get a reputation for feeding their men well, and so they introduced several varieties of canned foods, and substituted a golden syrup for the coarse "black-strap." But while the syrup is much more palatable than the molasses, it may be doubted

if it has the medicinal qualities of the other. Having spoken about making axe-handles, it may be necessary to say that although these can be bought almost anywhere for almost nothing, the experienced woodsman will trust to no axe-handle but the one he makes for himself. He can wield no axe but his own, being like the billiardist with his cue, the cricketer with his bat, or the old hunter with his gun. It may be the worst axe, or cue, or bat, or gun within a day's journey, but it is his own and he knows its habits and temper. You try his axe and you cannot hit straight with it—you wonder he has a toe left to his feet;

with something in her apron, and William John with a huge armful, half green wood and half baked snow.

The black hen is a goner, as the oracle of the family sufficiently asserted (she is found later deep in the snow outside when the thaw comes, and if she could have opened her beak and said whose fault it was she could have prevented months of nasty argument), but Mother has found three other hens with frozen feet, and these are in her apron. She deposits them on the floor and gets a pan of snow and water, in which she stands the hens in turn, rubbing and working with their stone toes to get the frost out.



Indian Boy on Georgian Bay.

The old man looks on and smokes. Perhaps in his watery eye there lurks the sign of a hope that one of the hens may be so far gone that it may have to get its neck wrung and be eaten to save it from waste, even though the traveling preacher will not be present. But perhaps this is not in his mind at all, for he certainly says nothing of that nature whatever. He merely looks out the little window at the imprisoning wilderness of snow and

he tries your axe and is filled with a similar wonder. If an axe, or a wife, or a religion suits the possessor, others should not complain.

It is not generally known that two carloads of dogs were shipped from Collingwood for Vancouver last year at the time when the great rush had set in for Dawson City. Dogs were in great demand for freighting supplies over Chilcot Pass, and on the Coast people supposed that

the husky dogs came from Newfoundland and Labrador. Two carloads, at least, went from Collingwood, but it does not follow that they were at all inferior to those from Newfoundland. I was informed by a reliable French half-breed last summer that there are each winter at least three hundred dog teams or trains used on the Georgian Bay every winter, some in carrying supplies to lumber camps and to Indian villages, but most of them used by fishermen and settlers along the shore or among the islands, who in this way keep in touch with each other and make occasional visits to the settlements, or towns, as they now prefer to be called. The neighborhood of French River, beyond Parry Sound, is perhaps now the point on the Georgian Bay where dog teams are most frequently seen. Sometimes dogs are hitched side by side, but usually tandem. There is a fish, the ling, fat, almost blubbery, easily caught through the ice, that is the staple food of these dogs. A few of these fish thrown into a pot of meal or shorts and boiled, results in a fishy cake that the dogs devour greedily, so the French-Indian fishermen told me.

This fish is very coarse and inferior, and seems to disappear entirely during the summer. It is, as described, very different from the ling that are taken off the Scotch coast. The dogs used on the Georgian Bay are of no particular breed and of no regular size. To be traveling over the ice in a snow-storm is an adventure of the most serious kind, and some very thrilling stories are told among the lumbermen and by the half-breed "guides" who are secured by fishing and hunting parties in the north. These men are usually very quiet and uncommunicative, but after they have taken the measure of the men in the party they begin to spin yarns and tell of things they saw in summer or endured in winter. The reader may have observed that after his first trip of the kind he never gets so interesting a guide as this.

he had the first time. The real reason of it is that a guide talks in his best vein only to the greenhorn, whilst to the experienced hunter or canoeist he shows the respect of silence. Last year a group of innocent young men from Varsity were in the north and told some very tall stories very cleverly in the presence of a French half-breed named John, who was very phlegmatic and the last man in the world to suspect of possessing humor. He finally told a story of a big "snek" (snake) which came at his canoe on the French river the previous summer, and after a hard battle was slain and captured. The story was tedious to a degree. "And how long was it?" asked the professor. "The snek—he was, from head to tail, a little over 32 feet," and John walked solemnly away from the camp-fire.

Kinsmen Strong.

This is the song
Of kinsmen strong,
Standing at guard
In the gates of earth:—
"Side by side
Our flags flung wide
Proclaim the pride
Of our kindred birth.
"All ye of the brood
Of an alien blood
Take count of our folk
No longer twain.
Not twain, but one,
By the tides that run
With new warmth won
In each kindred vein.
"Take note, all ye
Of the alien knee,
Of the faith that fires
Our hearts and thews.
One in a creed
And one in our need,
In daring and deed
We shall win, not lose.
"Be counseled, each
Of the alien speech.
From polar barren
To tide-empired:
This shout you hear
So near and clear
Is the marching cheer
Of the lords of the world.
"Stout heart by heart
We work our way
That light may broaden
And law command.
This is our place
By right of race,
By God's good grace
And the strength of our hand;
"The strength of our hand
On every land
Till the master-work
Of the world be done:
For the slave's release,
For the bond of peace,
That wars may cease
From under the sun."

—Chas. G. D. Roberts in Pall Mall Magazine.

Courtesy.

COURTESY, which at its best is simple kindness of heart kindly expressed, should never be allowed to degenerate into a mere society veneering of stiff conventional phrases, or, worse still, into an overdone imitation of it. There is a courtesy, and it is practiced often by people who should know better (says the Bazar), which is so exaggerated that it becomes ludicrous and almost insulting to those who can see that real feeling has little to do with the matter.

"Oh, you are so kind—so very kind, so exceedingly kind—to do this for me! [open the door, or what not] It is so amazingly good of you to take so much trouble! Thank you so very, very much!" We have all heard the phrases repeated

at nauseam, by some one who did not seem aware that a person of good breeding would give a few short cordial words of thanks for a slight service rendered without this effusiveness, which means nothing, and borders close on vulgarity, whether the person indulging in it means it or not.

Once a brusque sort of a woman was tried beyond her patience at the over-expressed thanks of a young society youth for some slight politeness she had paid him mother:

"It was not so particularly kind of me to write the note," she said at last, stiffly. "It was much kinder of your mother to write me, as she is a much older person."

"Oh, it was much kinder of you! So exceedingly good of you! So very, very kind"—and the young man flowed on for a while, until the exasperated hearer asked him shortly, "Will you explain to me why I was kinder than your mother, Mr. C—?"

But she asked too much when she wanted to know what he really thought, for it then became evident that he had never thought about it at all.

He knew of One Case.

Life.

IT was in a Duluth court, and the witness was a Swede who was perhaps not so stupid as he seemed to be.

The cross-examining attorney was a smart young man, whose object was to discredit the witness and discredit his testimony.

"What did you say your name was?" was the first question.

"Yahn"—very deliberately—"Peter-son."

"John Peterson, eh? Old man Peter's son, I suppose. Well, John, where do you live?"

"Where Ah live? In Duluth."

"Now, Peterson, answer this question carefully. Are you a married man?"

"Ah tank so. Ah was married."

"So you think because you got married you think you are a married man, do you? That's funny. Now, tell the gentlemen of this exceptionally intelligent jury who you married."

"Who Ah married? Ah married a woman."

"See here, sir! Don't you know any better than to trifle with this court? What do you mean, sir? You married a woman? Of course you married a woman. Did you ever hear of anyone marrying a man?"

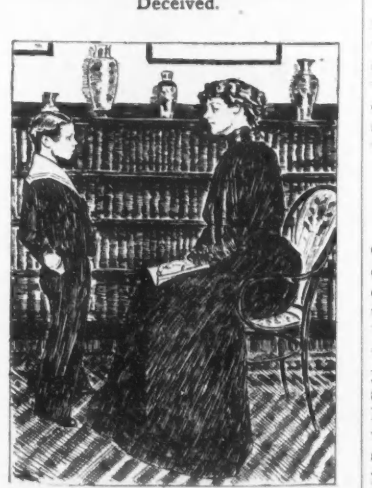
"Yas. Mah sister did."

The Battles of the Flowers.

THE battles of flowers at Nice this year are given up to the visitors, and, despite ominous predictions, the first was a great success. At two o'clock, headed by the municipal band, the procession of banqueters to be distributed made a round of the course, and as soon as these had been deposited with the judges, the carriages began to pass up and down the narrow line, pelting and being pelted with fragrant bouquets. Soon the street was carpeted and the air filled with the bright colors of the flowers, and the merry battle waged always keenest where a handsomely decorated carriage, an especially pretty face, or the ever-popular officers were passing. A novel idea, that of converting a carriage into a sleigh or raising a sleigh on wheels, was adopted by Prince and Princess Lubomirsky and by Mme. Choubine, and these two were the handsomest "turn-outs" seen. That of Prince and Princess Lubomirsky was a large troika, drawn by three black horses, harnessed abreast, the center horse having the high Russian collar covered with flowers. Two men in yellow and blue costumes were on the front seat, and the sleigh was a solid mass of yellow jonquils and blue cornflowers, a most effective combination. Mme. Choubine was in a very low, small sleigh, covered with variegated flowers, violets predominating. The sleigh was also drawn by three horses, the first mounted by a man in Cossack uniform, the second loose in the harness, the third led by a Cossack walking, and standing on the rear of the sleigh were two more men in white silk uniforms. Above the flowers rose a huge Russian eagle, with wide-spread wings. The effect of all was most brilliant. Mlle. Batourine and Comtesse Kleinmichel were in a beautifully decorated victoria, the only flower used being the Russian violet, with mauve ribbons, and both being handsomely costumed in the same color. The above were among the carriages awarded banners of honor, but several more banners were distributed to the breaks of the officers of the line and the chasseurs, to some of the hotel breaks, and a number of carriages. A most effective break was that in white with crimson ribbons, in which a merry party, consisting of

Princess Dolgorouky, Mlle. de Bresson, Mlle. de Saluces, Mlle. Flores, Baron and Baronne Lazaroni, M. Vatable and others fought bravely. All were dressed alike in white with crimson hat-ribbons. On a coach were Prince and Princess Demidoff, Prince and Princess Kotchoubey and Prince Ludovic Pignatelli d'Aragon, throwing bouquets with balloons attached to them. At night was the first of the two vegliones at the opera, which follow the two battles of flowers, the redoute being given at the Casino on Sunday after the battle of confetti. The veglione and the redoute are very different in character. At the former the women go in dominoes and masked, while the men appear in the usual evening-dress and not masked. This, while it may take slightly from the gaiety, adds much to the respectability. While the women are (or fondly hope they are) disguised, the men are seen and known by every one. At the redoute, on the contrary, all are in dominoes and masked, and the fact of all wearing identical colors not only enhances the brilliancy of the effect, but gives mon-sieur as well as madame a chance to "intrigue" undetected.

Deceived.



Sister (to Tommie, who has just been to hear a famous pianist)—How did you enjoy the recital, Tom?

Brother—It was a big cheat, sis! A long haired duffer played the piano, and nobody recited at all.—Bazar.

An Editor's Trial.

CURIOUS methods of punishing indiscreet editors are in vogue in some countries. In South American Sketches Mr. Crawford describes the interesting experience of an editor who had been unfortunate enough to give offence to the ruling powers by the freedom of his criticisms.

The editor was arrested and confined in a narrow passage between the cages of two jaguars, notorious for their bad temper and their intense dislike for human society.

The intervening space was so regulated that neither of the ferocious animals could get its paws quite to the middle line between the cages; so that a spare, active person, if very careful to follow the classical advice about the advantages of steering a middle course, might manage to pass without special injury, though the achievement would be both exciting and dangerous.

Our editorial friend happened to be stout, and therefore was the more easily reached by the occupants of the cages. As if to add insult to injury, he was given a chair on which to sit, and at the same time was furnished a copy of his own paper, the issue which had brought him into trouble, in order that he might meditate upon its contents.

He tried to sit motionless and bolt upright, feeling those sleepy, cruel eyes fixed upon him. At the slightest movement, or the rustle of the paper, uneasy mutterings arose from the cages, and a paw would stretch stealthily toward him. Leaning quickly to the other side, he was sure to be met by the ugly claws of the second jaguar. It was a case of Scylla and Charybdis.

Every few minutes the jaguars became wildly excited and clawed fiercely at the shrinking editor, who, do his best, could not escape those rending toe-nails. His clothing was torn to shreds, but except for a few scratches he was not really injured.

—Youth's Companion.

Photographing the Baby.

A YOUNG photographer, when asked what sort of subjects presented the greatest difficulties to him, replied, without a moment's hesitation, "Babies. I don't mean the babies themselves," he added. "It is not so hard to get what I consider satisfactory negatives of them. It's the relatives that make all the trouble."

"For instance," he continued, "I took photographs of a little ten-month-old fellow the other day in six different positions. Yesterday I sent proofs to his mother, and to-day she brought them in. 'I'm sorry,' she said, without any obvious grief, 'but none of these negatives will do.'"

"Not one of the six?" I enquired, though I was prepared for what was to follow.

"No," she said, "I'm afraid not. You see, I like this one very well, though, of course, it doesn't do baby justice; but his Aunt Ellen says it's an absolute caricature of the dear little fellow. The one she likes I don't care for at all, and his papa says he should never know for whom it was intended; it looks so cross, and baby is such a sunny child."

"The one he likes, this smiling one, I shouldn't consider for a moment, for it makes baby's mouth look so much larger than it really is."

"His grandmother chose that one, but as Cousin Fanny said, there's a very queer look in the child's eyes in it—very queer! However, she likes that one where he's almost crying, that sober one. You ought to have heard baby's grandfather when she said she liked it."

"He really decided the thing, for what he said seemed so sensible. He asked me why I didn't have some more taken, and see if there wouldn't be at least one that would really look like baby. Now, when can he sit again? It's hard for me to spare the time, but you see it is the only thing to be done!"

Her Ladyship's Concern.

The Outlook.

Lady Aberdeen has left behind her in Canada many pleasant memories, and she continues to show a lively concern in the country. One social service she rendered this week. At the first Drawing-room, on Wednesday, besides presenting her daughter, Lady Marjorie Gordon—once "the youngest editor in the world"—she also acted as sponsor for Mrs. Fulford of Brockville, Ontario. This lady is the wife of the gentleman who lavishes a vast sum on acquainting the public with a patent globe calculated to bring a blush to the whitest cheek.

"So you have no House of Lords in this country?" said the visiting Englishman.

"No, we haven't," replied the American; "this a nation without a peer."—Bazar.

STEAMSHIP SAILINGS.
NORTH GERMAN LLOYD
 New York, Southampton (London) Bremen
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 Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, April 11; Lahn, April 18;
 Kaiser Friedrich, April 25; Trave, May 2;
 Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, May 9.
 Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, largest and fastest
 ship in the world.
 First saloon, \$75 up; second saloon, \$40 to \$50.

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 Bremen, Mar. 23; H. H. Meier, April 6
 Frieder Grosse, Mar. 30; Wolmar, April 13

MEDITERRANEAN
 Naples, Genoa
 Kaiser Wm. II., March 28; Ema, April 1;
 Saale, April 15; Aller, April 22; Kaiser Wm. II., April 29.

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Anecdotal.

Quiller-Couch's Cornish Magazine relates the following of the dwellers on the stern Cornish coasts: "All the crew had been saved, but one poor fellow was brought ashore unconscious. The curate turned to the bystanders: 'How do you proceed in the case of one apparently drowned?' 'Search his pockets.'"

A great lawyer, who is now a great judge and has the very highest opinion of himself, stood as a Liberal candidate for the British Parliament at the general election of 1889. His Tory opponent set on foot a rumor that he was an atheist, whereupon Henry Smith remarked: "Now, that's really too bad, for — is a man who does reluctantly acknowledge the existence of a Superior Being."

Lady Dufferin, in her reminiscences, gives some instances of the variations of the English language as she spoke by the learned Baboo, whose European education has given him a little knowledge which is dangerous. The gratification expressed in the following sentence has something pathetic in it: "You have been very good to us, and may Almighty God give you tit for tat."

On one occasion the Prince of Wales had a hearty laugh at a Hindu school-boy in Madras. The youngsters had been drilled into the propriety of saying "Your Royal Highness," should the Prince speak to them; and when the heir-apparent accosted a bright-eyed lad, and, pointing to a prismatic compass, asked: "What is this?" the youngster, all in a flutter, replied: "It's a Royal compass, your prismatic Highness."

Mr. Tollemache tells in the Spectator of a little girl who once went in great distress to her mother, saying that she had committed a sin which could never be forgiven, and which was too bad to be repeated. By dint of a little coaxing she was induced to make a full confession, which was in this wise: "I felt so sorry for poor Satan, and wanted to give him a little comfort. So I got a glass of cold water, and poured it down a little hole in the kitchen floor."

The well-known English journalist, Tighe Hopkins, began his literary career as an all-round man on a local newspaper. One day an article on the agricultural outlook was required. Mr. Hopkins protested that he knew nothing of farming and had not time to interview the farmers. "What books have you here?" was the sharp enquiry. "A Bible, Shakespeare, and Nuttall's Dictionary." "What more do you want?" returned the chief, coolly. "Go ahead with the leader."

At a public reception at Napier, at which the Governor of New Zealand was present, the school children of the town, after being duly complimented—

Rudyard Kipling's COMPLETE WORKS

You will find the works of Kipling, the great English author, on the first table at the entrance to "The Bookshop."

Captain Courageous
 The Day's Work
 Departmental Battles
 The Seven Seas
 Soldiers Three
 Soldier Stories
 The Phantom Rikshaw
 The Drums of the Fore and Aft
 The Jungle Books
 Plain Tales From the Hills
 Barrack Room Ballads
 The Recessional

Wm. Tyrrell & Co.,
 "The Bookshop,"
 No. 8 King Street West.

by his Excellency on the hearty manner in which they had rendered the National Anthem, were urged to "put their shoulders to the wheel," and assured that in that way only would they be "sure to reach the top of the tree." At this point one of his Excellency's hearers, a quick-witted Irishman, was heard to say: "Sure, it's an axletree he means, bedad!"

A couple of candidates for the Legislature once berated each other roundly in a joint debate. Finally the hot-headed of the two burst out in an announcement that he could whip his rival or any of his friends. "That reminds me," said the other, coolly, "of a dog my father used to have that could whip any dog in the neighborhood or any that came that way with the teamsters." "What's the application, sir?" roared the other. "I'll stand no innuendoes, sir. Make your application if you dare." "It is simple enough," replied the first, "no one ever thought of sending father's dog to the Legislature." The fire-eater remained at home.

Sir James Mackintosh, who had been a vehement apologist for the French revolution, fell later under the influence of Burke, and proclaimed unmeasured hostility to the revolution and its author. Having thus become a strenuous champion of law and order, he exclaimed one day that a certain Irish priest who had negotiated between the revolutionary parties in Ireland and France was the basest of mankind. "No, Mackintosh," replied the sound but pedantic old Whig, Dr. Parr; "he might have been much worse. He was an Irishman; he might have been a Scot'sman. He was a priest; he might have been a lawyer. He was a rebel; he might have been a renegade."

Within the last twelve months at least three promising students have had to leave Cambridge owing to what has euphemistically been termed "brain worry." To attempt to gain proficiency in five different branches of study in two years is a dangerous experiment. Even one branch is a hard enough strain, as the following story told of a certain senior wrangler admirably illustrates: Soon after the announcement of the results the man of genius was found squatting on the grass in the middle of the court of his college, clad only in a surplice and holding an open umbrella over his head. The rain was descending in torrents, but the Dean went out to him and expostulated. All in vain, however, for in piteous tones the man of genius rebuked him: "Leave me alone! Let me grow! I'm a mushroom!"

A Canadian Heroine.

A Benefit. One Girl's Thought and Kipling's Sympathizers.

HEROINE has been living her noble life down east these many weeks, and the world has taken little heed of her. She is a bright-eyed pretty girl of twenty-two, and for nearly two months she has been shut away from the world, from everyone but the dead, the dying, the diseased, and the doctor who shared her isolation. Sweet, heroic Mamie Quinn, the noble girl who volunteered to go and nurse the stricken smallpox patients at Wolford Center, who nursed the nurse who came to help her, after she had seen her first patient die a tortured death, and, with the good doctor's help, laid him in a rude shroud. Beside him they buried the nurse, then they nursed the stricken mother of the dead man and her little daughter back to health. Twice the doctor and the girl of twenty-two made their simple prayer over the dead bodies, twice they turned undaunted to the other patients, and never left them till they were given free leave by the authorities to do so. A girl of twenty-two, with a Christ-like heart, is Mamie Quinn; steadfast, and willing to go again if she be needed into the loathsomeness, the torture, the perils of the direst disease we have in our land. God bless you, Mamie Quinn, and all honor to you and love to you, my woman, for what more could man or angel do than this thing you have done so bravely and so quietly?

We have read lately of many much-puffed and advertised artists, whose advent has been heralded for concerts in various hysterical paragraphs. (Someone should put a brake on the advance agent who lets himself or herself loose among the parts of speech with such appalling recklessness.) But, by way of a contrast, I happened upon a little concert at which the "talent" was to me unknown, and the impresario was a boy equally unobtrusive, while the beneficiary was a news agent in the train who had been unfortunate enough to lose a leg some months ago. The impresario had engaged a hall on a date which happened to be identical with the date on which we wanted that hall. He came with the news agent to the sanctuary to talk it over. He had his tickets and programmes out, and according to the usual practice of his more important prototypes, he should have been adamant to his persuasions. But he wasn't. He chatted about and interviewed the talent, then came back to me, then off again and interviewed more talent, then back, with pleasant looks and a frank surrender: "You can have the hall!" I am very much impressed. I also wish that anyone who would care to please me very, very much would send me something

to help along the object for which the concert was gotten up, to wit, to buy an artificial limb for the young agent, who can then get about his work as he cannot with a crutch. I ask it in very great earnest, and shall be so glad to receive any contributions, for I am so touched by the conduct of the impresario and the cheerful, bright way the benefit-makers jerked their concert a day ahead, that were I rich I should go on an artificial limb purchasing expedition this very hour.

The programme of this little concert was long and varied. The talent included old and young, comic lady singers and a cake walk, black-face artists, all sorts of performances. But one corner of that programme broke up my gravity. Among the advertisements, which were its mainstay, was one from a tonsorial artist and hair abbreviator. I think that is quite funny, now! By the way, comic advertisements have haunted me all this week. A tailor recklessly announces: "If you wear one of these suits, you will have a fit!" And he is as serious as possible. I saw on a livery on a back street: "Horses bored and hired," and on a small cottage is a sign "Whitewashing done here," exacting considerable trouble, I should think.

The girl I love best of all sat in the editorial chair in the sanctum, and we talked of various mist friends. Not in the concrete, for that would be gossip, and we don't enjoy it, but in the abstract, with always a well-defined example in our midst, but not named by our tongues. "An old man's darling," said the girl, shaking her head doubtfully. "Please don't." I begged her, for that idea always revolts me. "An old man's companion, an old man's nurse, an old man's prop and support, but not his darling. Youth should never be bound with such a cruel chain. Better by far a young man's slave, if young men were habitually slave-owners." And the girl nodded once, and said: "That's true. If one has to be a slave, it were easier that way. There's no such thing as an old man's darling. An old man. The idea is impossible." "There might be an old woman," I suggested. She laughed. "Very good. Then it would be charming. But, unfortunately, old men in search of darlings don't want old women." Soon after that the girl went away, with the wrinkle yet over her brows. And I also felt a sort of twist in my temper every time those four words came limping back to my mind. "An old man's darling!" Better the homeliest, old maid alive!

Now that the danger is over of the loss of the writer so many of us love and enjoy (as a writer, bien entendu) we realize how little we are sometimes dependent on the material senses for our strongest feelings. Very few of us in Canada have seen our Kipling, and yet he is very close to our hearts. We felt more than we were willing to express while he was wrestling in the valley of the shadow. When he is quite well, and we go back to our stupidities of materialism, we shall forswear our emotion. But, all the same, we have had a demonstration that the possibility of loving a brother whom we have not seen is within us, and the discovery is consoling and strengthening and useful in many ways. In arguing out the possibilities of the greatest virtue, the apostle says if we don't love the things we see, how can we love the things we don't see? Well, at all events, from the Emperor to the newsboy, something which might very well pass for affection has gone out to a being whom none of them had ever seen. A force has moved us that is neither a brick-bat nor a trolley car. Within us a soul force has stirred in its sleep, and we have felt it, wondering.

LADY GAY.

Completely Prostrated.

A Quebec Farmer Tells How He was Restored from Almost Hopeless Suffering to Complete Health.

Mr. Wm. Goodard, a well-known farmer living near Knowlton, Que., says: "A few years ago my health gave way, and I was completely prostrated. The least exertion would use me up and make it difficult for me to breathe. I suffered from headaches, had no appetite and fell off in weight until I was reduced to 130 pounds. Finally I grew so bad that I was forced to keep my bed, and remained there for several months. I was under the care of a good doctor, but he did not seem to help me. One day a friend urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I procured two boxes. When I had finished them I could not see much improvement, and would have stopped taking them but for the urging of my friend, who said that in my condition I could not expect to see immediate results. I continued taking the pills, and by the time I had taken a couple more boxes there was no doubt that they were helping me, and it needed no further persuasion to induce me to continue them. In the course of a few months I not only regained my health, but increased in weight fifty pounds. These results certainly justify the faith I have in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I strongly urge those who are weak and broken down to give them a fair trial."

More weak and ailing people have been made strong, active and energetic by using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills than by any other means. They fill the veins with new, vigorous blood, and strengthen every nerve in the body. Sold by all dealers at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, or sent by mail by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Author of Dooley.

Clara E. Loughlin in the Critic.

MR. FINLEY PETER DUNNE (Mr. Dooley) is the object of no little solicited interest on the part of editors and publishers, these days, but "Pete" Dunne has been a person of no little interest to Chicago newspaperdom these many years—though he's but a young man yet, even as we reckon young celebrities. He has "been on" nearly if not quite every paper in Chicago, and done every kind of newspaper work from police reporting to political "leaders," from sporting "write-ups" to the manifold and various duties of a managing editor, which latter office he now holds with the Chicago Journal, an evening paper. He was always good at a "story," and years ago, when it was his delightful assignment to go out to the baseball grounds and make a report of the game, Dunne would "turn in" a racy bit of humor, instead of a conventional amplification of the score, and that he was allowed to do this, and to continue to do it, is proof sufficient that it was "good stuff," so good that even the baseball cranks relished Dunne's dramatic elaboration of some comic incident or feature, even to the slightest of the battle's details. Well, in those days newspaper men, especially those on the Tribune,



Mr. Finley Peter Dunne.
(Mr. Dooley.)

did a good deal of "rallying" in the saloon of one James McGarry. It was next door to the Tribune office, and the "boys" considered it a part of the newspaper premises. Many a bit of "copy" was frantically scribbled off on McGarry's bar, and what "mine host" did not know, or believe he knew, of prominent men and prominent events was not worth knowing. He was a "philosopher," which may not be the same thing as a philosopher, but passes for the same with many persons, and his rich, rolling brogue, his deliberate manner, and his willingness to deliver his opinions for the benefit of his patrons, made him the hero of many a funny story in newspaper row. It was when Jay Gould died, and McGarry read the account of his funeral, that Pete Dunne happened to be by when the oracle delivered himself of remarks so deliciously humorous that Mr. Dunne, on returning to his desk in the Post city room, and finding himself possessed of a little leisure, wrote out the Irishman's observations, and, rather amused with the result, "turned in" the "stuff," which was accepted and published forthwith. Other "interviews" followed, and soon Mr. Dunne settled down to it and produced them rapidly. But when it was proposed to issue them in book form, it was found that he had not kept them, and an outsider and his scrap book had to come to the rescue.

Seldom Needed a Smoke.

Several ladies sat in one of the Colonial Club parlors, a few evenings ago, discussing the virtues of their husbands. "Mr. Bingleton," said one of them, referring to her life partner, "never drinks, never swears, nor does he chew." "Does he ever smoke?" some one asked. "Yes, he always takes a cigar just after he has eaten a good meal. But I suppose that on an average he doesn't smoke more than once a month."

Some of her friends laughed, but



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PACKARD'S
 Special Combination
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 (SUGGEST, TAN, BROWN—ALL COLORS.)
 THOUGH SOLD FOR 25 CENTS,
 REALLY COSTS NOTHING.
 IT PAYS FOR ITSELF IN 10 MINUTES.

PACKARD OR PACKARD OF
 (L. H. PACKARD & CO.)

THERE ARE MANY...

Packets on the market. Housekeepers should examine what they buy, and be sure that the word "MONSOON" is on the packet.



INDO-DEVILON TEA

she didn't seem to understand why—
 Cleveland Leader.

Taking a Vacation by Proxy.

Governor Stanley, of Kansas, recently received the following note from an office-seeker in the Sunflower State: "Dear Sir,—I understand you said you were going to take a week off to tear up the big pile of letters asking you for jobs. If everything else is gone, I would like the job of tearing up the letters."

The ex-Empress Eugenie has, by her will, bequeathed a souvenir to every survivor of the nearly 5,000 Frenchmen who were born on the same day as her own son, the late Prince Imperial.

Employer (to clerk)—This is disgraceful, Mr. Penn; here am I at the office first! Clerk (deferentially)—Yes, sir; I have always been taught to give precedence to my superiors!

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

SUNSHINE.—It is quite easy to say nice things of you, for every line is gratifying and the whole study decidedly of the coaxing sort. Great sprightliness and animation, a dashing and magnetic nature, buoyant and hopeful temperament, no connected thought (your mind hops like a bird). There is a good deal of originality and considerable imagination, strong affection, given to impulsive demonstration, and some tendency to self-contemplation. The nature lacks depth and poise, but what would you do? One cannot make an elephant out of a hummingbird. I hope your husband knows he has got a good thing.

SWEETNESS.—Well, I like that, for a man's nickname. What a lovely being you must be! Truly you are a nice sort of fellow. You are adaptable, sweet-tempered, sensible, and easy-going, and a good time and can enjoy a bit of fun. Plenty of enterprise, and if it doesn't cost too much hard work you would carry out a big contract successfully. You are hopeful, a wee mite selfish, rather susceptible to beauty and honest and frank in the day, disliking intrigue and finesse. Your reasoning powers are good and ideas clear and conclusive. You like handsome, showy things and would value a fine appearance. There, Sweetness, doesn't that fit?

PANSY.—I am sorry I had to wait almost till spring, my dear. This is a smart, bright, buoyant young thing, fond of life and able to enjoy it. The method is yet crude but not the least harsh. Will reasonably strong and refinement indicated. Thoughts are intelligent but not very well connected, and the entire study might be improved by culture. Cheerful and contented temper, and susceptibility to gentle influences are shown. Writer is frank and trustful, and might speak unadvisedly, but is destitute of sharpness or malice.

NIL DESPERANDUM.—You have a pretty caution and a turn at pessimism, and you would be a pleasant companion if you valued yourself more. I am glad I don't have to hear Mr. Conmee "go" for the Opposition. I detest politics and squabbles of every description. Life is too long to waste in such a way. You are a "quitting bee," would largely depend upon the persons who took part. Most of our social butterflies would be as out of their element at such an affair as they would at a chopping or ploughing contest. However, you want refreshments in keeping. So bring out your corn-poppers and your roasts, your floating island and your ekgrogs, your sponge cake, lady fingers, and elderberry wine and mulled claret and, oh dear, that ought to kill off in due season. If you have room for the party, you should have a sit-down high tea for four. Decorate your table with a silver old china and crocheted mats for the dishes. Have English "brawn" (head cheese) and plenty of small hot tea biscuits and put a "tidy" on the back of every chair. If you have candlesticks of antique pattern, light candles in them, and have snuff-boxes and trays between each pair. Have a little hand bell to ring for the maid, and have paper rushes round your cakes, and be sure and have a cruet stand as a centerpiece. Buckwheat cakes and syrup, Johnny cake, dried apple sauce, spiced round, are a few of the edibles with which you might astonish your guests. Please don't blame me if anything sad happens.

SOMEBODY.—"Seeing your advertisement in the Saturday Night, I am anxious to have my character read, and think it a cheap way of having it done." writes this polite person; adding quite superfluously, "I am a bad writer, and a spelling much worse." Well, now, what do you expect a bargain day sketch? Here you are. You are crude, frank, unsympathetic, self-right, self-assertive, commonplace, practical, adaptable, unambitious, logical, and of considerable strength.

CURIOUS.—Don't bother to tell you you are conceited? Oh, the ways of you men! Your study is exceedingly attractive and has plenty of nerve and some excuse for it. There isn't a careless or invertebrate line in the whole thing. The thing you lack is strength of aim and constancy, but that is a serious lack if you encourage it. You are practical, however, and have good self-preservation, some ambition, fine discretion, excellent method, level and even judgment, much dash and magnetism. I think you are pretty young, and would be likely to find your calling monotonous, but stick at it, keep your eyes open and your mouth shut, and who knows how soon you'll advance, if you have influence on your side, you ought to be worth pushing ahead. Tell 'em I said so, and remember

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not to waste one chance.
 MARKAP.—I shall be in your vicinity when you get this, so I must be careful what I say, mustn't I? You are an uprising and forceful young person, not sentimental, and a trifle careless of details; perception is bright and ideas pretty clear and well-connected. There is dash and power as well as some refinement in the study; and the writer, though very frank, is not foolish.

ADAM LAMB.—I am glad of thine inconsistency, oh, Adam! You take up a long letter twaddling over the arrest of the clairvoyants and frauds, and then you ask me to give you such pointers as shall help you in your business or profession. Well, you aren't very smart, and that's a fact, but if one had patience and didn't mind a twaddler one could get something out of you, after all. Was it Solomon, by the way, who said "Know thyself"? I think you're off there, at least. Your study is decidedly of the persistent order, the mind has a narrow limit and the impulses are not always wise. Self-preservation and caution mistook for others, a very good opinion of yourself, and a desire for advancement, great conscientiousness, a generally clear perception, a careless indifference to the effect of a crude method are shown. Writer might be very exasperating in his way of presenting a point, to a certain type of person, in spite of very convincing and able arguments.

Studio and Gallery



THE following we copy from the front page of the catalogue of the O. S. A. Exhibition: "The need for an art museum in Toronto has long been felt by those who are interested in the progress of art in the city and Dominion. During the last twenty years various projects for buildings suitable as a home of the fine arts have been considered, and have not been found sufficiently comprehensive to raise the enthusiasm of those who realize the importance of the question. The members of the Ontario Society of Artists, believing the time has arrived in the city's progress when steps should be taken to carry out this important requirement, have during the past season had the whole subject under consideration, and in the near future they hope to be able to present some suggestions and plans for a much-needed institution."

Twenty years is a long time to discuss a subject and not be able to arrive at anything "sufficiently comprehensive" to meet the circumstances. However, we shall hopefully await the "near future." But why not call a meeting of the different art organizations now in existence and in friendly conference discuss the whole situation? This may not produce a gallery at once, but it will produce something helpful, and that will be an advance on the work of the last twenty years. Judging from the present prospects there seems to be just as much hope of obtaining something tangible from the Woman's Art Association. While anything of the kind is better than nothing, perhaps, it would be an egregious blunder to institute anything not really representative. It will require all the art and financial force we can muster in Toronto unitedly to provide an adequate museum. We have no patience with a division of art into masculine and feminine, for art has no gender. There is an excellent art force in this city of professional artists, ladies and gentlemen, who, by joining hands, could do much. The conservative policy of the O. S. A. in the past towards lady members is one of its elements of weakness, but we hear rumors of a more intelligent liberal policy for the future. We are equally impatient when lady artists flock apart and think to rise to their highest possible development as an art society.

A good feature of the Hamilton Art School, of which we intend to speak more particularly some day, is the attempt to gather the young people of the Public schools on Saturday for instruction in art. This is an opportunity for propaganda which will yield large results. We have no such effort here in our School of Art. The class in Hamilton justifies its existence in its numbers. The only corresponding effort here is that of Mrs. Dugan in her Saturday morning class, comparing favorably in numbers and results with the Hamilton school. There is before me at present a foot modelled in clay made in this class, by a juvenile, bearing distinct indications of the genius which produced a Michael Angelo, and a cat's head, compared to which Canova's butter lion was a freak. It is just possible that to every one this genius might not be equally apparent, but that is because of their defective spiritual vision. The boy who made them is mine.

It must surely be with much gratification the members of the Tennysonian class of the late Rev. Dr. King, principal of Manitoba College, remember their act of securing so recently the excellent portrait of him, which was painted by A. Dickson Patterson, R. C. A.—painted while he was yet here, when that justice could be done both himself and the artist which could never be so fully realized from a photograph. Not that Dr. King displayed any anxiety to have justice in this respect done to himself. He but very impatiently endured the infliction of posing, but submitted to it from a sense of duty. Too often it is the rule for congregations and educational institutions to postpone this duty until a photograph is all the tangible likeness which is left.

The Royal Canadian Academy opens in Montreal to the public on April 8th. The private view is the evening previous. The last day for receiving pictures will be Tuesday, March 28th. The Hanging Committee will meet at ten o'clock a.m. on Monday, April 3rd, and varnishing day will be Friday, April 7th. On the evening of the assembly will be the annual supper. On Saturday, April 8th, the council and general assembly meetings will be held, commencing at 10 o'clock a.m.

"Poster Art," says the Critic, "is the pictorial art with which the greatest number of our people come in contact." It is certainly a branch of art receiving much attention abroad, and on which good artists are engaged. It has made rapid strides in merit recently. The movement has not been generally felt in Toronto, but in individual cases. It is not perceptible yet on our city fences. Many delightful posters are used by the magazines, especially Scribner's. The collection of them abroad equals in ardor, almost, the stamp craze. They will furnish good material for some historical society a few centuries from now.

"G. F. Watts subordinates his art to social and political claims," says the Art Amateur, "and in these he makes very few mistakes." He has painted a picture representing the altar of fashion, heaped with feathers from slaughtered birds, with a compassionate angel, whom Dante would call "a bird of God," bending sorrowfully over it. At what stage of mental and spiritual evolution may a woman be supposed to have arrived when she can with satisfaction use to decorate herself the bodies of birds which have been slaughtered for that purpose expressly, and whose death serves no other purpose? This is a conundrum. The only solution seems to be that temporarily and comparatively she is insane. No other verdict justifies the procedure.

There are always some visitors to our local art exhibitions who complain of the lack of serious, scholarly compositions. But, give our artists a chance. Let two or three, or more, of our millionaires, or less than a millionaire will do, give a commission to artists to produce by this time next year, or in longer time, historical, allegorical, or any subject he or the artist may select, supply the funds to enable the artist to give up his present engagement and live; to travel, if necessary, in search of his material; to collect costumes and pay models; to study all available, profitable literature on the subject. Then might we expect great things. There is no other way of producing great compositions. If an author attempts to write a book, this is his method if he anticipates a success. No less necessary is it in this no less important art. There are many persons in this city who would not miss the amount required. The competition is open to the Government. A halo of reflex glory would go down in history around the head of the patron; the country be wealthier in the possession of a picture and an artist.

The Canadian Club has arranged with the Ontario Society of Artists to secure the use of the exhibition for one evening, Tuesday, March 21, so that the members of the club and their friends may view the pictures and meet the artists. This is an excellent idea, and might be acted upon by the organizations.

A picture at the O. S. A. exhibition that is beginning to attract more and more attention as the days go by is Mr. F. S. Challenger's Girl in the Fire-light. The way the red light plays on her side face and through her dark tresses is a marvel, and although critics have said very little about it the ordinary visitors talk more of it than of any other picture.

The Woman's Art Association has offered prizes of \$15, \$10 and \$5 for the most successful poster, whose duty it will be to attract the attention of the public to the fact that a portrait exhibition is under way in the Temple building, opening April 15th, and continuing two weeks. The size of the poster to be 15 by 22, and must put in an appearance at the Temple building, room 611, no later than March 27th. We presume the best will be accepted without regard to sex of competitor, or is it confined to ladies?

Two of the most pleasing models which the Sketch Club has attempted to reproduce this winter posed last Saturday evening at the home of Miss Grace Kerr, Howard street, Miss Gussie Beatty, as a Fairy from Brownie-land, in white gauze, silver tinsel and flowers, and Miss Florence Kemp, who might have been directly imported from the land of the chrysanthemum, so complete a copy of her almond-eyed dainty sisters did she seem. The club meets next Saturday evening at the home of Mrs. J. Sloan, Wellesley street. The evening at Miss Farrar's has been cancelled.

JEAN GRANT.

Baby Beauty.

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Short-sightedness Again



"Excuse me, does this road lead to Lingriss,?"—*Fligende Blaetter.*

Society Morals in New York.

THE recent rumors of a scandal affecting two families of the highest position in New York society have evoked from the Sun a strong editorial on the prevailing moral purity of that society. It maintains that with the growth of luxury among the wealthy families of the metropolis there has not come the usually consequent moral deterioration. "Any man whose memory goes back over the social occurrences in New York for a generation past can recall easily," the Sun says, "the whole number of notable instances of scandalous immorality which had any existence outside of mere gossip and malicious inference. They can be counted on the fingers of one hand; yet during that generation the whole circle of the society of wealth and brilliant fashion as we now know it has come into being. Before then, as compared with hundreds of houses of this time, the residences of the richest and most important socially were narrow and bare of luxurious appointments and costly decorations. The domestic service in the most imposing establishments of that day was relatively and even actually small and inferior. Equipages were simple and few, and the standard of expenditure even among the most lavish was frugal as compared with the outlay of every family which has now any distinction in the grander world of fashion. Meantime, the composition of the circle about which fashion gathers has been transformed not less completely, and its tone and character have changed radically. The great majority of its present members were wholly without fashionable eminence a generation ago. Very many of them come from families—Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian—which had been taught to regard such pleasures as unbecoming a life directed by obligatory religious principle. Subtract that element from the society of which we are speaking, and it loses a large part of its present most brilliant constituents—the boxes at the opera would be depleted of many of their most conspicuous occupants. They come of progenitors who were as familiar with the prayer meeting as they were horrified by the play house, and by the exposure of physical charms which is conventional in fashion—simple, God-fearing people, frugal in their ways and serious in their occupations. This very self-restraint laid the foundations of the material accumulations upon which their descendants have built their present luxurious state. They saved their money, did not even know how to expend it. They had no expensive tastes to gratify, and they

were wisely unwilling to disturb the placidity of their lives by hunting after them. As compared with the few women-servants who ministered to the richest families of that time, the households of the luxurious fashion of this day swarm with men and women servants, each expert in duties sub-divided into many specialties. Now, all this social transformation has occurred, all this luxury, this lavishness of display, this comparative prodigality of outlay has come in, without any accompanying deterioration in conventional morals. It may even be said that there has been coincidentally an improvement in the outward moral behavior, resulting in a decrease proportionately in the number of flagrant scandals, for the reason that the safeguards afforded by the far wider publicity in which fashion now moves make breaches of morality so much more liable to exposure."

The Sin Eater of Wales.

THE principalty of Wales has within living memory possessed an official known as the "Sin Eater." It was the practice of a relative—usually a woman—to put on the breast of a deceased person a quantity of bread and cheese and beer, and the "Sin Eater" was sent for to consume them and to pronounce the everlasting rest of the departed. It was believed that in doing this he absolutely ate and appropriated to himself the sins symbolized by the viands, and thereby prevented their disturbing the repose of the sinner who had committed them. Such an arrangement would obviously leave nothing to be desired on the one side, but how it worked on the other we are not told. What was supposed to be the condition of this spiritual undertaker after the ceremony was concluded? Did his "appropriation" of the dead man's sins imply a sort of moral assimilation of them, answering to his physical assimilation of the bread and cheese? The question would obviously be one of some importance to a sin eater in large practice. If the responsibilities of his profession were as great as they would appear to have been on this hypothesis, he would need to retire from it early, and to devote a considerable portion of his closing years to repentance and good works. Again, it is natural to ask what happened at the decease of a popular or "fashionable" sin eater? Would anyone among his professional brethren undertake to eat his sins, even in the first flush of satisfaction produced by stepping into his shoes? If so, then, indeed, has the epithet of

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"gallant" been rightly bestowed upon little Wales. It is as though one doctor succeeding to another's practice should consent to assume the moral responsibility for his colleague's treatment of all his deceased patients, in addition to his own similar burdens.

We yield to none in admiration of the quiet and homely heroism of the medical profession, but we doubt whether it would enable them to face such an ordeal as this. As to the Welsh practitioners to whom we have compared them, we shrink from pursuing the analysis further. It is evident that, as in the school boy game of "conquerors," where a stone which can smash the smasher of, say, forty-three other stones, takes all his conquests and becomes itself a "forty-fourer," so the responsibilities of these unhappy men might accumulate at an alarming rate. One hardly dares to contemplate the internal condition of the sin eater of a sin eater who had in life attended a long series of other sin eaters. The cheese would be almost converted into Welsh rabbit before he had got it down.

The Boy Tried It.

FRANK is a chubby small boy of some five or six years, whose father is an artist. Last summer he went with his parents to spend some time on a farm while his father was engaged in sketching. On arriving he was duly and impressively warned against venturing near the cattle in a neighboring pasture, and especially pointed out were the terrors of the big fellow with the awful bass voice. What,

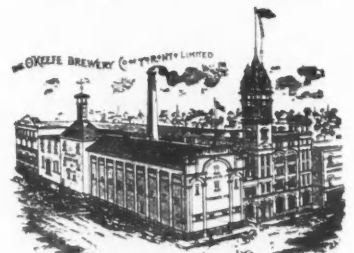
then, was the consternation of his father, when, on the second day, he discovered his hopeful son through the fence, and standing right in front of the big fellow, and gently rocking his head from side to side by a firm grasp on a horn in either chubby hand! The animal stood with his head hung low, apparently too astonished to remonstrate. There was a vault over the fence worthy of a banderillo by the parent, a precipitate rescue, and a breathless demand as to what the child was thinking of.

"Why," he said, stoutly, "I heard you telling mamma this morning that the best way was to take the bull by the horns, and I was just trying it. Don't see why you should make such a fuss about the matter—he did not mind."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Customer—I'm sure I've seen you somewhere. I never forget a pretty face! Waitress—I don't remember you—and I never forget a fresh customer!—Puck.

Mrs. Weepily—Yes, we pay spot cash for everything. Mrs. Whippetly—Ah! I often speak to my husband about the time when we had to.—Puck.

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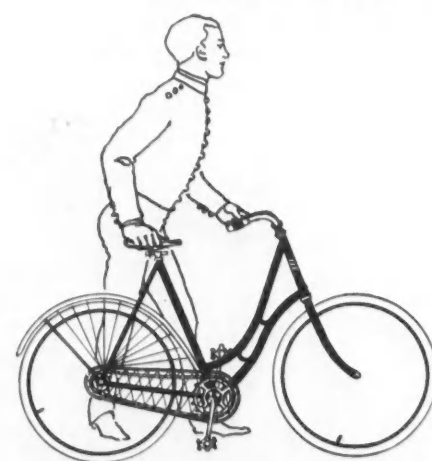
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MUSIC

STUDENTS and admirers of the piano and violin as solo instruments who were present at the recital given on Tuesday night in the Guild Hall, by Mr. A. A. Farland, the famous banjovist, must have listened to the rendering of the programme with a good deal of cynical curiosity, commingled with a feeling of admiration for the extremely clever manner in which he overcame the technical difficulties of his music. The nature of the task which Mr. Farland set before himself can be best understood when it is said that he undertook to play arrangements of the first and last movements of Beethoven's sonata for piano and violin, op. 30, No. 3, of the last movement of the overture to William Tell, Haydn's Rondo alla Olegarese for a trio for piano, violin and cello, Schubert's Serenade, a Chopin Nocturne, the finale from Mendelssohn's Concerto for violin, and one of Brahms' Hungarian dances, in addition to other pieces of simpler form. The cynical attitude was of course induced upon hearing melodious legato phrases for the violin or voice reproduced staccato and in what may be called a pizzicato tremolo, and at the distortion of difficult piano passages—quite ingenious it must be admitted—rendered necessary by the limitations of the instrument. Everyone was astonished at the amount of technical dexterity Mr. Farland has developed. In many instances he produced some very pretty and novel effects, though he seems to have a weakness for resorting to an extreme pianissimo, which might occasionally be found tiresome. I can easily understand that Mr. Farland may be doing valuable work in the cause of music despite the primitive nature of his instrument. By constantly playing the best examples of classical and romantic music before audiences to the majority of whom the very name high-class music is a bugbear, he may aid in cultivating the popular taste, and lead his hearers to form an acquaintance with the productions of the great masters in their original form. From this point of view the banjovist may be productive of great results, and the reflection may restrain musicians who place much stress upon the "eternal fitness of things" from indulging in sneers at these exhibitions of banjovist virtuosity. Mr. Farland was assisted by Miss Gertrude Black, contralto, who sang several numbers, one of which was Tosti's Good Bye. Considered in regard to its timbre or quality throughout its range, Miss Black has one of the most beautiful voices in Toronto, and one can only hope that its possibilities may be thoroughly developed.

The new biographical sketch in the current number of the *Musical Times* of Mme. Albani kills a very pretty story which has been generally accepted. It has always been said that Mme. Albani assumed her stage name in remembrance of the kindness and appreciation she received in her early days in Albany, New York State. But the fact is that when the diva was about to sign her first opera contract, her Italian master at Milan said that she could not possibly appear on the Italian stage under the name of La-junesse. He therefore selected for her the name of Albani, that being the patronymic of an old Italian family then defunct. "But did you know that I lived at Albany?" she asked. "No, I never heard of it," the signor replied. Another correction the article makes is that Mme. Albani was born in 1852, and not in 1850 as stated in the dictionaries. At the present time Mme. Albani is on her way to South Africa for a second professional visit.

An organ recital and sacred concert of exceptional interest will be given under the auspices of the fine choir of Jarvis street Baptist church on Tuesday evening, March 21, at eight o'clock sharp. The organ soloist will be Mr. W. H. Hewlett of London, who has been coming into prominence of late as one of the most brilliant of Canadian solo organists. His recent recitals at Montreal, London, Berlin, Sarnia, Woodstock and Stratford have been uniformly successful. On this occasion he will play numbers by Lemare, Widor, Guilman and other modern composers. The choir numbers will include Gounod's splendid eight-part motette O Day of Penitence, Tchaikowski's unique and effective Cherubim song for double choir, Gaul's beautiful chorus for women's voices List the Cherubim Host, in which the telling incidental bass solo will be taken by Mr. A. L. E. Davies; the baritone solo, I Saw a New Heaven, with choral Sanctus, from the Holy City by Gaul, in which the dramatic solo of this composition will be taken by Mr. Harry M. Blight, choirmaster of Parkdale Methodist church; other choruses, including the charming closing chorus from Gounod's *Gaillia* with its effective soprano solo and obligato, which will be sung by Miss McMurtry. A Prayer and Finale by Wagner and solos by Mrs. H. W. Parker, solo soprano St. Andrew's church, and Mr. Bruce Bradley, tenor, will also form part of the programme. A collection will be taken at the door. The concert will be under the direction of the organist of the church, Mr. A. S. Vogt.

On March 19 Haydn's oratorio of the Creation will be just one hundred years old, its first public performance having been on March 19, 1799. It took him

nearly two years to compose this work. It is said that he remarked, "I spent much time over it, because I intend it to last a long time." The first performance of the oratorio in England in 1800 gave rise to a curious incident. Only one copy of the work was received on March 22. It was copied out for a band and chorus of 120 performers so expeditiously that the music was learned and actually produced six days after the receipt of the manuscript. When Mr. Harris, the then proprietor of Covent Garden theater, complimented the copyists upon their achievement, the chief copyist replied: "Sir, we have humbly emulated a great example. It is not the first time that the Creation has been completed in six days."

The manuscript of the trombone parts to the Ninth Symphony written in Beethoven's own hand was recently sold at auction in London by Messrs. Sotheby for £45, rather a large sum.

Dvorak's Sonatina in G (op. 100) for piano and violin was played last month at a concert in London. A critic says that its themes are more or less suggestive of American negro melodies, which Dvorak maintained should form the basis of the national American school of music. The work is pronounced to be very attractive.

A talented pupil of the Toronto College of Music, Miss Annie Watson, has been offered and has accepted the position of soprano soloist at the Northern Congregational church. Miss Watson is a pupil of Miss Lulu Dundas of the College staff.

An interesting novelty at Miss Lina Adamson's benefit concert in Association Hall on Tuesday evening will be Godard's trio, op. 72, for piano, violin and cello, which I fancy has never yet been performed in public in this city. Miss Adamson will be assisted by Mr. Frank Welsman at the piano and Mr. Hahn at the cello. Miss Carrie Lash will be the vocalist, and Miss Temple Dixon, elocutionist. Miss Adamson will play the opening movement of the Mendelssohn concerto, and Mr. Welsman Liszt's Twelfth Rhapsody.

A pianoforte recital will be given in the Y.W.C.A. Hall, Elm street, on Tuesday evening, March 21, by Misses Jennie E. Williams, Mildred Marks, Ethel A. de Nure and Grace Aylesworth, pupils of Mr. W. J. McNally. They will be assisted by Mr. Oscar Wenborne, baritone.

An excellent musical service was given by the choir of St. James' Square Presbyterian church on Thursday evening, March 9, under the title of An Evening with Gounod. A number of choice excerpts from Mors et Vita and the Redemption were carefully and attractively rendered. The soloists were Miss Craig, Miss Elder, Miss O'Hara, Mrs. W. M. Douglas and Mr. J. W. Baker, all of whom sang with taste and devotional expression. Dr. Norman Anderson was the director and organist.

Emil Sauer, the famous pianist who gave two delightful recitals in our city two weeks ago, will appear at the Russell Theater, Ottawa, on Thursday of Easter week, April 6. The musical people of the Capital are all enthusiastic over the fact that they are to have an opportunity of hearing this distinguished artist. The recital will be under the immediate patronage of the Governor General and the Countess of Minto, Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, Sir Louis and Lady Davies, and other notable people.

The committee entrusted with the compilation of the constitution and by-laws of the proposed new musical association of provincial musicians having in view the holding of musical examinations throughout the province under university auspices, is rapidly completing its work. A meeting of the qualified musicians of the province will be held in St. George's Hall, Elm street, on Easter Monday, for the purpose of perfecting the organization. Under the regulations set forth the most equitable basis of operation has been arrived at. Prominent among the chief features is the establishing of four principal sections, namely, London, Hamilton, Toronto and Ottawa, each of these embracing a territory including the several counties in proximity. Delegates from each of these sections will constitute the general council of the association. The number of representatives from any one section will depend upon the actual membership of the respective section, no section being entitled to more than three representatives in the general council in any event. Examinations will be held in the different sections as required. Examiners will be chosen by the general council from each of the sections, no examiner being permitted to examine in his own section. To be clear as to examinations, London candidates will be examined by examiners chosen from the Hamilton, Toronto and Ottawa sections; Hamilton candidates by those from London, Toronto and Ottawa sections; Toronto candidates by examiners from London, Hamilton and Ottawa sections, and Ottawa candidates by examiners resident in the Toronto, Hamilton and London sections. The movement is receiving the hearty support and co-operation of qualified musicians, including the heads of established musical institutions in Toronto and elsewhere, notwithstanding the fact that several of these institutions have a standard of ex-

amination of their own. The new slate will afford privileges to the students of qualified teachers of music in Ontario in musical examinations quite independent of any of the regularly organized music schools in the province, at the same time not interfering in its functions with the vested rights of these institutions. Among the objects in view are those of incorporation under special charter and also University affiliation. The association will be constituted and governed in a manner similar to that of the Incorporated Society of Musicians of England, one of the foremost musical societies in the world.

Mr. Torrington has succeeded in mustering under his baton the professional talent of our theater orchestras, and the new organization will be known as The Toronto Orchestra. Rehearsals are held on Friday mornings, an arrangement which has been found to suit the general convenience. The compositions that are being prepared for the first concert, the date of which will be announced shortly, are the overtures to Wagner's *Rienzi*, Weber's *Oberon*, Mendelssohn's *Ruy Blas*, and Dvorak's second series of *Solovonic Dances*. It has been decided that popular prices will be charged at the concerts of the orchestra, the fees for the best seats having been fixed at twenty-five and fifty cents.

Mr. Richard Burmeister, the solo pianist who a short time ago created so favorable an impression by his thoughtful and artistic rendering of representative compositions of the great masters, will give a second recital at the Massey Hall on April 6. With him will appear for the first time Fadettes Women's Orchestra of Boston, who are referred to by the *Washington Chronicle* as "the finest orchestra of women players in America." Mrs. H. W. Parker of the Conservatory of Music is to be the vocalist.

Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, the well known New York critic, has been engaged to lecture in Association Hall on Thursday evening, March 23, his subject being How to Listen to Music. The lecturer is a



Mr. H. E. Krehbiel.

gentleman well known by his writings to members of the musical profession, and his lecture is something quite new in kind. It is said to be instructive and deeply interesting.

The Conservatory Music Hall was filled in every part on Tuesday evening last by a very select and critical audience on the occasion of a pianoforte recital given by a number of Dr. Edward Fisher's pupils. The programme, which was of classical and exacting character, was well calculated to test the technical and musicianly attainments of the performers, who in their playing showed uniform excellence, facile execution and much breadth of treatment, demonstrating very fully Dr. Fisher's superior ability and methods as a specialist in teaching the pianoforte. The programme was rendered as follows: Godard's Mazurka, op. 103, by Miss Rose Kitchen; Lavalley's La Papillon, by Miss Alice Robinson; Ruff's Cachoucha Caprice, by Miss Edith Mitchell; Rachmaninoff's Prelude, C sharp minor, and the Wagner-Liszt Spinning Song, by Miss Mabel Hicks; Saint-Saens' Souvenir d'Italie, by Miss Blanche Badgley; Liszt's Liebestraume No. 1 and Weber's Memento Capriccioso, by Miss Ada F. Wagstaff; Grieg's Album Leaf and Gottschalk's Pasquinade, by Miss Mabel O'Brien; the closing number, Mendelssohn's Trio, D minor (for piano, violin and cello), by Mr. Napier Durand, piano, Mrs. B. Drechsler-Adamson, violin, and Mr. Paul Hahn, cello. Valuable assistance was rendered by Misses Carrie Davidson and Maud Bryce, pupils of Mr. Rechab Tandy, who sang very effectively Buck's Sunset and The Heavenly Dream, by Treherne, respectively; by Mr. Paul Hahn, who gave Goltermann's Romance, op. 17, on the cello in capital style and taste; Miss Gertrude Hughes of the Elocution School gave a splendid rendering of The Benediction by Coppee, a very sustained and exacting number. The Mendelssohn trio was a special feature of the recital, which was most successful throughout.

The *Revue Medicale* for February 15 gives this dialogue: At the hospital. Clinical Professor (to patient)—What is your occupation? Patient (with bronchial catarrh)—A musician, sir. Professor (to the students)—Here, gentlemen, I have an opportunity of clinically demonstrating to you a fact to which I have frequently referred in the lecture room, namely, that fatigue and the respiratory efforts called for by the act of blowing on wind instruments are a frequent cause of the affection from which this man is suffering. (To the patient) On what instrument do you play? Patient—The big drum, sir.

A service of song will be held in Old St. Andrew's church, corner of Jarvis and Carlton streets, on Wednesday evening

next. The soloists will be Mrs. Alfred Jury and Mrs. Crowley, sopranos; Miss Davidson, contralto; Mr. Rechab Tandy, tenor; and Mr. A. L. E. Davies, bass. The choral numbers will include a selection from The Last Judgment, by Spohr, Mendelssohn's Hear My Prayer, Handel's Thou that Tellest, and the final chorus from Mr. Anger's Song of Thanksgiving. There will be a short address on the organ and its lessons by Rev. G. M. Miligan, D.D. A collection will be taken up in aid of the new organ fund.

The annual concert of the pupils of Pickering College was given on the evening of March 10 and was one of the most successful since the re-opening of the College five years ago. The hall was appropriately decorated for the occasion in the College colors, dark blue and white, the attendance was good, and the programme a varied and pleasing one. The event was under the auspices of the Literary Society. Those who took part in the entertainment were the pupils of Miss Morris, music teacher, and Miss Wetherald, elocution teacher, resident at the College. The programme consisted of instrumental solos, duets, choruses, etc., by the music pupils, recitations and readings by the elocution class, assisted by Miss Wetherald. In addition to the above the Society had the good fortune to secure Miss Wheeler of the Conservatory of Music as the soloist for the occasion. She sang several songs in a finished manner. Of the many items on the programme particular mention might be made of the playing of Miss Jessie Binus of Jamaica. Her rendering of the Air de Ballet was clever in the extreme.

Miss May Hamilton, who finds her time well taken up by her duties as correspondent of the *Musical Courier*, has resigned her position as organist of Cooke's Presbyterian church.

Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, well known as the musical editor of the New York *Tribune*, has undertaken to tell us on March 23, in Association Hall, how to listen to music. I take it that his discourse will be a popular summary of his book on the same subject. He will no doubt have a good deal to say that will be interesting to the general public. The musicians of the city have long ago made up their minds as to "how to listen to music," and without disparagement of Mr. Krehbiel's critical faculties, I do not think that they have much to learn in that respect. Many of them are well qualified to write intelligently and suggestively on the same subject, but an invincible modesty has prevented them from attempting to give their ideas to the world. The plan for Mr. Krehbiel's lecture is at the warehouse of Messrs. Mason & Risch, King street west.

The next musical event of importance that is purely local will be the production by Mr. Torrington's Festival Chorus of Gounod's Redemption. The soprano solos will be taken by Mrs. Eleanor Meredith, who is said to have a sympathetic voice and great dramatic power of expression. The date of the concert has been fixed for April 13.

The musical editor of the New York *Evening Post* has come to the conclusion that next to Wagner's works, Carmen is the most delightful opera ever written.

Brahms and Tchaikowski met but twice, according to the statement of a writer in the *Musical Standard*. On the last occasion Brahms was sufficiently interested in Tchaikowski's fifth symphony to travel expressly to Hamburg in order to make its acquaintance. After the performance the distinguished composers dined together, and the conscientious Brahms frankly admitted that he did not like the work at all, whereupon the usually meek Russian plucked up sufficient courage to inform his host that the dislike of each other's music was mutual. They parted on excellent terms, nevertheless.

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The Saturday lecture last week at Trinity College was much enjoyed by a refined audience, perhaps the most representative of thought and culture which has yet been assembled this season in the Convocation Hall. The Provost's presentation of the Thackeray life from the Thackeray books gave great pleasure and the various selections were read and listened to with great appreciation. Thackeray is the novelist of the classes, as Dickens is of the masses, the gentle and humorous satire of the one and the broad absurd fun of the other being known and loved the world over. The Provost read a selection from the Book of Snobs with the greatest expression, and the audience smiled responsive. After the lecture a jolly little party took tea with Professor Huntingford. Mr. White, a residence man, also entertained in his "den," and Professor Jones and Miss Strachan had a cosy tea for some intimate friends of the old college set. An interesting feature of the lecture was the reading of a letter from Thackeray to the late Henry C. R. Becher of Beechwood, London, Ontario, whose widow, Mrs. Becher of Sylvan Tower, and daughter, Mrs. Alfred Plummer, are such well known members of Toronto society.

Sir James and Lady Edgar left Toronto for Ottawa last week and are occupying the Speaker's quarters at the Capital. The Misses Edgar and Miss Hodgins went on Monday.

Mrs. Reesor and her two lovely daughters, of Jerseyhurst, are having a nice time this winter with Mrs. Reesor's sister in College Street, and will return to their country home in May.

Miss Alice Mason of Ermeleigh has been for some time in Dr. Walker's hospital, and is doing very nicely. Her friends hope she will soon be quite restored and will be glad to welcome her back to society.

Lady Louis Davies and her niece, Miss Ursula Davies, spent a day or two in town last week, the guests of Mrs. Mulock. Miss Cattaneach went on Wednesday to visit Lady Davies in Ottawa.

Miss Florrie Paterson has returned from New York, where she has been studying nursing, having found the course too arduous for her strength. Her friends are delighted to see her back again, and also glad that, in spite of persistent rumors to the contrary, she has as a matter of fact found no one she cares more for than Toronto friends. Mrs. Paterson, fearing her young daughter was overtaxing herself in the pursuit of her chosen vocation, went down to New York and brought her home with her.

Mrs. Edward Fisher, who has been spending several weeks at Clifton Springs, N.Y., feels much benefited by her sojourn there and expects to return to her home early next week.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Gilmore, who have spent the winter months at the Queen's Hotel, have gone to North Carolina.

Mrs. Bond of Guelph is the guest of Mrs. Mandeville Merritt in St. Alban's street.

Miss Ethel Baldwin has returned from Montreal.

The lady patronesses of the lecture by Mr. H. E. Krehbell in Association Hall next Thursday evening are: Mrs. A. S. Hardy, Mrs. James Loudon, Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Mrs. J. Herbert Mason, Mrs. Byron E. Walker, Mrs. Arthur, Mrs. A. W. Austin, Mrs. George Dickson, Mrs. J. D. Tyrrell, Mrs. F. H. Torrington, Mrs. Edward Fisher, Mrs. W. O. Forsyth, Mrs. A. S. Vogt, Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison.

Mrs. Arthur Grantham has returned to New York after a most pleasant tour in Europe with her brother, Mr. Rod Mackenzie.

Mr. Glynn Osler, son of Mr. Justice Osler, left on Monday for Ottawa, where he will reside in future. On Saturday last a jolly little party of his young men intimates met at a luncheon in his honor at McConkey's, and bid him farewell with all sorts of good wishes for his success.

Mrs. Ferguson and daughter, of Niagara Falls, Ontario, are in town for a few days this week.

Mr. W. C. Caldwell, M.P.P., Lanark, is accompanied during his stay in town by his wife and daughter, who, together with Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Caldwell, of Lanark, comprise a charming family circle stopping at the Rossin.

This afternoon Mrs. Dineen gives a large progressive euchre party for some half-hundred of her friends at her handsome home in Sherbourne street.

On Tuesday Mr. Douglas Macdougall's conferees surprised him with a handsome presentation and farewell good wishes on his departure for New York. The gifts of a very fine traveling-bag and a silver-mounted umbrella were offered with many

friendly words, for Douglas is a prime favorite with boys and girls alike. On Tuesday evening a merry theater party was given and the departing chum afterwards was the guest of honor at a jolly supper party. Everyone will miss him, and when paddling begins it will be hard to fill his place.

The Misses Rees are again the guests of Mrs. Coulter in Huron street.

In spite of scarce telegrams and bogus arrests, Her Majesty of Great Britain and Ireland has gone south, and her pluck and confidence have roused enthusiasm, while on every side cheers and expressions of goodwill abound.

Last Saturday afternoon Mr. Hugh Matheson gave a tea at his rooms in Knox College to a number of young friends. Mrs. J. A. Paterson chaperoned the event, at which there were an unusual number of pretty girls and a goodly company of students.

Mr. and Mrs. Grenville James of Prescott are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Kappele of Rosedale. Mr. W. F. Maclean, who had the misfortune to break his leg above the knee on Sunday, is doing as well as possible.

Miss Florence Tonkin of Oswego, fiancée of Mr. Harry Hees, came on a visit to Miss Hees on Tuesday; I hear the young couple are to be wedded in June. The fine little sons of Mr. and Mrs. Haas, who have been ill, are now getting better fast. Miss Helen Merrill of Picton is visiting friends in town.

Mr. Harry Totten has been quite ill for some days. Mr. and Mrs. Totten are still at the Queen's Hotel. The Premier of Ontario has also been laid up with a slight illness at the Rossin, where he and his family are for the winter. Miss Errol Nordheimer is visiting friends in Ottawa. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Austin have returned from Hot Springs, where Mr. Austin was taking a treatment for rheumatism.

Mr. R. B. McGiffin has returned to New York, having accepted an important position with Messrs. Caldwell & Howard, one of the leading architectural firms in that city.

The members of the German Conversation Club will be entertained this Saturday evening by the vice-president, Mrs. Moore, at the residence of her mother, Mrs. R. S. Williams, Oak Lawn, Wellesley Crescent.

The members of the Browning Club Chorus, who are rehearsing the cantata The Pied Piper of Hamelin for the Browning Club's concert on April 30, were tendered by the club an informal but very enjoyable little reception after the rehearsal last Tuesday. An impromptu programme, consisting of readings by Miss Duff and Mr. Hawes, a vocal solo by Mr. Oscar Wenborne and piano solos by Miss Maud Gordon, A.T.C.M., the chorus's accompanist, was thoroughly appreciated by all present. All arrangements are now completed for the club's concert, which is exciting much interest. The club is to be congratulated upon having secured Mr. Beresford of Boston for the bass solos and our own Mr. Sherlock for the tenor, and something specially inspiring is expected in the presentation of Fra Lippo Lippi by Miss Sargent of Syracuse, who has won a name for herself through her sympathetic and masterly interpretation of Browning.

Last Saturday was a delightful spring-like day, and the various outings east and west were entered into with a zest only possible on the first occasion after a most trying winter, when climatic rigor has

dense its meanness with the constitutions of all and sundry. Even a party of lady cyclists took a short spin to a lovely suburban home for luncheon, and returned to town for five o'clock tea. Some enthusiastic golfers also were on the links, and quite a number were out at that always popular rendezvous, the Country and Hunt Club.

The best place in the city to buy fresh fish is at F. Simpson & Sons, 736 Yonge street. They have the largest selection and the best appointed fish-room in the city. All their fish is received direct from the fisheries by fast express. Simpson's have a very large custom, and any of our readers may depend upon getting the best at Simpson's.

LECTURE

By the Celebrated Musical Critic of the New York Tribune

"HOW TO LISTEN TO MUSIC"

ASSOCIATION HALL

Thursday, March 23rd, 1899

Admission 25c.

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With its superb and magnificent train service, is now acknowledged to be the most perfect railway system in America. The great winter tourist route to the south and west, including the famous Hot Springs, Arkansas; Old Mexico, the Egypt of the New World; Texas and California, the land of sunshine and flowers. Passengers going by the Wabash reach their destination in advance of other routes. Wabash trains reach more large cities than any other railroad in the world. Detailed information will be cheerfully furnished by any railroad agent, or J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, north-east corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto, and St. Thomas, Ont.

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In the building of the Heintzman & Co. piano nothing is withheld that can add to its beauty and tone or to the solidity of the construction.

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Hercules Wire Beds

More resilient and stronger than any other bed made.

The Standard of the world, as cheap as the common kind.

Manufactured by Gold Medal Furniture Mfg. Co., Limited, Toronto and Montreal.

A Skillful Scale-Drawer.

Events Give Added Prominence to the Work of Mr. Chas. Stanley.

The Scientific Basis of a Successful Piano is its Tone, and that Depends Upon the Scale.

When the average piano buyer starts out to select an instrument the point of vital consideration is, of course, the tone quality. The piano case must be attractive and the other matters of external details must be satisfactory to the eye.



Mr. Charles Stanley.

For the piano is a "thing of beauty" and must conform to the requirements of art in its material as well as higher characteristics. But, notwithstanding that the tone is the point of vital importance, there are comparatively few piano buyers who are sufficiently skilled in the art of piano construction to realize and appreciate just what are the conditions by which the beauty of tone and resonance which characterize some pianos are attained.

Manufacturers, of course, understand this; so do many piano dealers and critics. But the average piano player knows only that the piano is beautiful to look upon and satisfying to the hearing. Just how the wonderful volume of tone, and the remarkable clearness of the treble, and deep resonance of the bass are attained they do not know. They see only the finished product, whereas the expert familiar with piano construction knows that in the beginning of every piano industry there must be someone so skilled in the art of tone production, so expert in the delicate mathematical problems, and so versed in the knowledge of acoustics, as to distinguish to the fineness of a hair the exact length of string required to produce any desired tone, and with expert knowledge as to the precise point of impact at which the hammer must strike the string. This part of piano production it is that decides, in advance, the fate of the piano in its struggle for fame and a future.

A moment's consideration will satisfy anyone that there are not many pianos whose fame is so distinct as to suggest pre-eminent skill in the matters to which we have drawn attention. The delicate process to which we have referred is called "scale drawing" in the technical language of the piano industry.

There are not very many in the industry whose scales have won special favor in the critical and industrial piano world. One of the experts who have thus attracted attention by his works is Mr. Charles Stanley, now of the Stanley Piano Co., Limited, of Toronto, Canada.

Not long ago the trade papers contained particulars of the transfer of the Reed & Sons piano to the Story & Clark Co. This fact was of special interest, because the Reed & Sons piano had attained to a high place as a particularly fine piano from the critical standpoint. Its musical characteristics had been complimented and commented upon by many of the world's foremost piano experts and manufacturers. It has also been announced that the Reed & Sons piano attracted such favorable notice of the Messrs. Schroeder of St. Petersburg that they had arranged to use the same scale in their own pianos.

The Reed & Sons scale was the work of Mr. Charles Stanley who drew it during his connection with the Reed & Son factory. The same scales received a diploma at the Columbian Exposition in 1893, the award being made to Mr. Stanley in recog-

Telegrams From Montreal

Announce Mr. Cousineau as a heavy buyer at the Auction Sale of goods saved from the McIntyre, Sons & Co. fire.

There is over Fifty Thousand Dollars' worth of the damaged goods coming to Toronto.

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will have them on sale Wednesday next.

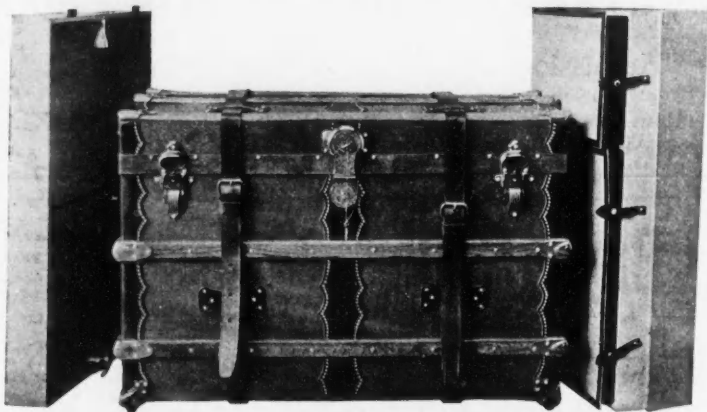
LINENS, SILKS, DRESS GOODS and other lines are included. There will be sensational selling

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to have trunks and bags that are substantial. Our reputation is sustained by the class of traveling goods we make and sell.



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BEEF-eaters must take their food at second hand, plus the liability of taking with their beef whatever disease or disorder the animal may have. Furthermore, cattle are slaughtered when under intense excitement; when all that is desperate and vicious in them is thoroughly aroused. Scientists tell us that the flesh of the animal partakes of this vicious excitement in varying degrees. If this is so may it not be that many a vicious human character is traceable to this cause?

IT IS NOT SO WITH

Shredded Wheat Biscuit.

In these you get food at first hand, direct from Mother Earth, and its effect upon the human is to produce a kind and gentle nature and encourage moral and spiritual development. The biscuit rapidly rebuilds the tissues consumed in the wear and tear of work, and they supply in the proper proportions nourishment for every part of the human system. For by careful analysis wheat is found to contain all the food properties that there are, and all you could get, suited for nutrition. If you ate all the kinds of food in existence. Try Shredded Wheat Biscuit for a month and see how clear-headed, at ease and self-reliant you will become; all because you are properly nourished.

Any grocer can supply you. Over 200 receipts sent free.

SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, Worcester, Mass.

Social and Personal.

nition of his skill in piano production.

From what has been said it is plain that while Mr. Stanley's individuality has remained in the background the work of his brain and the results of his skill have won their way to notice which is more than national—is even world-wide. In the pianos to be pushed with vigor by the Story & Clark Co., and in the instruments to issue from the famed factory of Schroeder in far-off Russia, the scales drawn by Mr. Stanley will be relied upon wherever to still further extend the fame of those industries. And the recognition of these scales in the Reed pianos is all sufficient to insure the results in later instruments in which shall be incorporated the same scientific scale.

As to the man who has thus proved his claim to pre-eminence in the art of scale drawing, and therefore to a place among the foremost of the world's expert piano-makers, a few words will suffice.

Mr. Charles Stanley has worked his way upward from the bottom. He is one of the class of men who agree that there is "always room at the top," and so he worked his way steadily upward. He accepted no other man's ideas as wholly satisfactory to himself—in the manner of tone production—but strove to better existing piano scales by working out into new fields and incorporating new ideas. He began at the bench in a piano factory and has performed nearly all the varied departments of labor required in piano production. Thus he became familiar—not by theory but by practice—with all the various requirements of a piano. During all the years Mr. Stanley was thus engaged, his mind, while not neglecting his work, was constantly occupied with the higher problem of the art of piano building. Scale drawing came under his most careful study, and the result of his efforts and experience in time began to attract widespread attention. Finally Mr. Stanley's identity was sought after by prominent manufacturers and interest centered in the instruments which were known to be the result of his skill.

Mr. Stanley has for several years been engaged in the manufacture of the piano which bears his name. It has been frequently remarked by Mr. Stanley's friends in the United States that had his piano been established in this country, instead of in the Dominion, its progress would have been almost phenomenal. As it is, considering the more limited scope permitted by the field in which it now works, the "Stanley" piano has been remarkably successful, thus proving the potential influence of a thoroughly expert manufacturer and scale-drawer such as Mr. Stanley unquestionably is.—The Press.

Some very fine likenesses of the late Dr. Sullivan, formerly Algoma's bishop, and at his death the beloved rector of St. James' cathedral, are on view at Rowsell & Hutchison's, the book-shop which has been for decades the rendezvous of the clergy both in and out of town. The late rector is taken in his robes, and his fine, handsome face and presence are admirably portrayed by the photographer.

On Thursday afternoon Mrs. Robert Baker gave a cosy and informal thimble tea to which a congenial circle were bidden.

This afternoon and evening the musical and bazaar in aid of the Working Boys' Home and Grace Hospital is on at Assembly Hall, Temple Building. Everyone seems to have a warm spot in their hearts for the Working Boys' Home, judging from the prompt responses made to the appeal for subscriptions for a building fund.

The Canadian Club give their first At Home next Tuesday evening at the Art Gallery, 165 King street west. Invitations are to be obtained only through members. Mr. A. E. Huestis, secretary, will supply members with cards.

Miss Taylor of Vancouver, that bright, merry girl whose stay in Toronto has been so much enjoyed both by her friends and herself, returns home immediately. Mrs. S. G. Beatty and all her circle will miss the popular young lady from the west coast.

Ex-Commodore Rowell was the guest of honor at the Yacht Club dinner on Friday of last week, and was presented with a silver loving cup by the club. Commodore Jarvis being away in Virginia, Rear Commodore Gooderham presided, and the whole affair, which took place at Webb's dining-rooms, was excellently managed. Some good songs were sung, Vice-Commodore C. A. B. Brown, Messrs. A. Beardmore, R. Drummond and others

being the vocalists. Mr. Ricardo Seaver, the club's secretary, has been out of town for a few days this week on business.

Exclusive Fabrics for Spring.

Henry A. Taylor, draper, the Rossin Block, has pleasure in announcing the arrival of his complete stock of imported woollens for spring and summer wear. He has control of many exclusive lines of some of the leading weavers in the Old Land, and this season's assortments will show the finest range he has ever had to offer. That anything he makes up will be in the highest style and the highest quality of workmanship, goes without saying. You are invited to inspect.

Mr. Charles E. Blachford of the well known retail shoe house of H. & C. Blachford, accompanied by Mr. Fred Blachford, left last Monday for New York and the principal shoe centers of the United States in search of novelties in foot wear for the coming season. The numerous patrons of this firm may rely on seeing at 114 Yonge street, during the coming season, some of the daintiest foot wear the United States can produce.

A Novelty in Figs.

The fig is admittedly one of the most useful of fruits, its wonderful laxative properties rendering it a most beneficial sweetmeat to both children and adults, especially in the spring, whilst as a pudding accessory it rivals the apple. To retain the extremely volatile essences or oil of the fruit, Californian packers are now shipping it locally and to the Canadian market in air-tight pound packets, fresh packed weekly, ensuring goods

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PORTLAND, Ore.

\$41.30

Proportionate rates from other stations. For further information apply to Agents G. T. Railway System.
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To Manitoba and Canadian Northwest will leave Toronto every TUESDAY during March and April.

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Passengers traveling WITH LIVE STOCK should take train leaving Toronto at 9 p.m.

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Births.

CURZON—March 15, Mrs. Arthur J. Curzon—a daughter.

McBRIDE—March 10, Mrs. F. C. McBride—a daughter.

ELLIOTT—March 13, Mrs. J. J. Elliott—a daughter.

MOODY—March 12, Mrs. A. J. Moody—a daughter.

SEYMOUR—March 11, Mrs. Harry Seymour—a daughter.

ROBINSON—March 2, Mrs. Frederic Hodgins—a son.

FERRIS—March 11, Mrs. W. H. Ferris—a daughter.

HEALY—March 8, Mrs. E. W. Jarvis—a daughter.

JOHN—March 8, Mrs. E. W. Jarvis—a daughter.

SMITH—March 8, Mrs. Edward F. McLaughlin—a daughter.

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Stong to Minnie De Laplante. SANDFORD—LIVINGSTONE—March 15, Ellis Attwood Sandford to Nellie Eger Livingstone. ADDY—CULLEN—Hamilton, March 15, Dr. H. Addy to Lillian Cullen. WOOD—ADDY—Hamilton, March 15, George T. Wood to Edith A. Addy. GOULAY—WILSON—March 8, Robert Goulay to Minnie Wilson.

Deaths.

WRIGHT—March 7, Henry H. Wright, M.D., aged 82.

WARREN—March 9, Nathaniel Warren, aged 87.

BALTON—March 9, Anthony Balton, aged 66.

IRWIN—March 9, William Irwin, aged 60.

BLIZARD—March 9, Lucy T. Blizard.

BEATTY—March 15, James Beatty, G.C., aged 67.

JACKSON—March 13, Captain Joseph Jackson, aged 66.

McCAUSLAND—Baltimore, March 11, Dr. H. P. McCausland, aged 38.

BONNER—March 15, Thomas Bonner, aged 80.

STORIE—March 15, William Storie, aged 87.

RANNEY—March 15, Alexander Ranney.

McINTOSH—March 13, Christina Taylor McIntosh, aged 63.

DUMBLE—March 12, Louisa Eunice Dumble.

ASHBY—March 13, Charles Ashby, aged 77.

COOPER—Winnipeg, March 12, Harry Roy Cooper, aged 27.

QUAY—March 11, Donald De Witt Quay, M.D.

ANKETELL—March 13, Ellen Anketell, aged 62.

HILLIARD—March 13, Margaret Hilliard, aged 23.

LAWRENCE—March 10, Mrs. George Lawrence.

DAVIDSON—March 12, William David Davidson.

ROBERTSON—March 13, William Robertson, aged 64.

MUNRO—March 11, William P. Munro, aged 72.

CLELAND—March 11, Andrew Cleland, aged 44.

BALDWIN—Calgary, March 11, David Cecil Baldwin, aged 32.

SMALLWOOD—March 11, Thomas Smallwood, aged 73.

WALLACE—March 11, John Sinclair Wallace, aged 74.

BARBER—March 11, Mary Barber, aged 48.

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